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HOW LONG?

If on my grave the summer grass were growing,
 Or heedless winter winds across it blowing,
 Through joyous June, or desolate December,
 How long, sweetheart, how long would you
 remember —
 How long, dear love, how long?

For brightest eyes would open to the summer,
 And sweetest smiles would greet the sweet
 new-comer,
 And on young lips grow kisses for the taking,
 When all the summer buds to bloom are
 breaking —
 How long, dear love, how long?

To the dim land where sad-eyed ghosts walk
 only;
 Where lips are cold, and waiting hearts are
 lonely,
 I would not call you from your youth's warm
 blisses,
 Fill up your glass and crown it with new
 kisses —
 How long, dear love, how long?

Too gay in June you might be to regret me,
 And living lips might woo you to forget me;
 But ah, sweetheart, I think you would remem-
 ber
 When winds were weary in your life's De-
 cember —
 So long, dear love, so long.
 LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

ONE DREAD.

No depth, dear love, for thee is too profound,
 There is no farthest height thou may'st not
 dare,
 Nor shall thy wings fail in the upper air;
 In funeral robes and wreaths my past lies
 wound;
 No ancient strain assails me with its sound
 Hearing thy voice; no former joy seems
 fair,
 Since now one only thing could bring de-
 spair,
 One grief, like compassing seas, my life sur-
 round,
 One only terror in my way be met,
 One great eclipse change my glad day to night,
 One phantom only turn from red to white
 The lips whereon thy lips have once been
 set:
 Thou knowest well, dear love, what that must
 be —
 The dread of some dark day unshared by thee.
 LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

"ES STEHEN UNBEWEGLICH."

IMMOVABLE, unchanging,
 The stars stand in the skies,
 Upon each other gazing
 With sad and loving eyes.

They speak throughout the ages
 A speech so rich, so grand;
 But none of all the sages
 That speech can understand.

But I that speech have mastered,
 Can all its meanings trace;
 What for a grammar served me
 Was my beloved's face.

Blackwood's Magazine.

HEINE.

"WAS WILL DIE EINSAME THRANE?"

WHAT's this? A tear, one only?
 It blurs and troubles my gaze.
 In my eye it has hung and lingered
 A relic of olden days.

It had many shining sisters,
 But away they all have passed —
 Passed with my torments and raptures
 In night on the driving blast.

Away, too, have passed like a vapor
 Those deep-blue starlets twain,
 That smiled those raptures and torments
 Into my heart and brain.

Like a breath my very love, too,
 Has faded and flown, alas!
 So now, old, lonely tear-drop,
 'Tis time thou too shouldst pass!

Blackwood's Magazine.

HEINE.

"DU BIST WIE EINE BLUME."

THOU art even as a flower is,
 So gentle, and pure, and fair;
 I gaze on thee, and sadness
 Comes over my heart unaware.

I feel as though I should lay, sweet,
 My hands on thy head, with a prayer
 That God may keep thee away, sweet,
 As gentle, and pure, and fair!

Blackwood's Magazine.

HEINE.

From The Edinburgh Review.

DR. SCHLIEMANN'S EXPLORATION OF MYCENÆ.*

IN the ancient hippodrome at Constantinople, better known to tourists as the Atmeidan, still stands a relic saved from the wreck of precious offerings once stored up in the temple of Apollo at Delphi. After the Persian war the victors at Plataea dedicated as a thank-offering to the Delphic Apollo a gold tripod mounted on a bronze pillar composed of three intertwined serpents. The gold tripod has long since disappeared in the crucible, but the bronze pillar was transferred by Constantine the Great from Delphi to his new capital, and has survived to our times. The three heads of the serpents—an attractive mark for Moslem iconoclasts—have been broken off, one by one, since the time of Mahomet II.; but on the coils of the triple snake may still be read the original dedicatory inscription graven on the bronze about the 76th Olympiad (476-3 B.C.). It contains the names of those Greek states which took part in the battle of Plataea, and among these names we find that of the Mycenæans, whose city, once the seat of a mighty dynasty, had at the time of the Persian war shrunk into comparative insignificance, overshadowed by the growing power of its jealous neighbor Argos. When the Greeks of the Peloponnese first collected an army to defend Thermopylae, the Mycenæans refused to form part of the Argive contingent, and preferred associating their little band with the Lacedæmonians. They contributed eighty men to the heroic defence of Thermopylae, and, together with their neighbors from Tiryns, mustered four hundred strong at Plataea; but their refusal to serve under the Argive banner probably contributed to hasten the catastrophe by which their city was soon after destroyed. Mycenæ was taken by the Argives B.C. 468, and never again reappears in history as an independent state.

That a city only capable of sending so small a contingent to Thermopylae and Plataea should have had such pretensions to independence as to provoke the jealousy of a powerful state like Argos may be accounted for if we consider the strength of Mycenæ as a military position at the time of the Persian war. Its citadel was built on an isolated rock situated, as Homer truly describes it, "in a recess" at the foot of hills which bound Argolis on the north. While its distance from the coast protected it from sudden inroads of pirates, its position near the Argive frontier gave it the command of the roads leading to Corinth and to the cities of Arcadia. The steep rock of the Akropolis had been rendered almost impregnable by fortifications which, though executed in that remote period, when the myth is the substitute for history, still excite our wonder and admiration by the massive solidity of their structure and the skill with which they are designed. Independently of its military importance, the fortress of Mycenæ had traditions which could well vie with those of its proud and implacable neighbor. If Argos could boast of its long line of kings, beginning from Phoroneus, son of the river-god Inachos, its legend of Danaos, Akrisios, and Perseus, Mycenæ could refer with just pride to that Pelopid dynasty which, under Agamemnon, "ruled over many islands and all Argos," and whose king commanded the mighty host with which united Hellas besieged and captured Troy. If we look back through the long series of Argive myths which record the successive changes of dynasty from Phoroneus to Perseus, and from the Perseidae to the Atreidae, we find from a very early period traces of that antagonism between Argos and Mycenæ which lasted down into historic times. Both were strong fortresses, overlooking the fertile plain which extends from the mountains to the coast, and the possessor of either would naturally appropriate as much of this plain as he could wrest from his neighbors. A third fortress which plays a part in this legendary history is Tiryns, a place of great strength, which must have served to protect Argolis from invaders landing at Nauplia, and which

* 1. *Mycenæ. A Narrative of Researches and Discoveries at Mycenæ and Tiryns.* By Dr. H. SCHLIEMANN; the Preface by the Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P. London: 1878.

2. *Cyprus. A Narrative of Researches and Excavations.* By General DI CESNOLA. London: 1877.

at times, according to the myths, was ruled by an independent prince. Now, if the dynasty of Atreidæ had the extended empire which Homer ascribes to it in the time of Agamemnon, it is to be presumed that the rulers of Argos and Tiryns and the other fortresses in Argolis acknowledged as their suzerain the king who ruled in Mycenæ. This wide-extended sway of the Pelopidæ which Homer so emphatically dwells upon, though it rested only on tradition, and was not supported by what we should call historical evidence, was to the Greek mind a real fact, which even the most sceptical of their historians never ventured to dispute. In their eyes Agamemnon was not, as one school of modern critics regard him, a mere shadow projected on the blank background of an unknown past, and of which we shall never grasp the substance. This *magni nominis umbra* to the ancients suggested a real personality — a king whose disastrous fate, coming so soon after his triumphant return from Troy, served in after ages as the favorite theme of epic and tragic poetry; his memory, embalmed in the immortal verse of Æschylus and his brother dramatists, still lives on, and it is not without violence to deep-rooted associations that an old-fashioned scholar can train himself to think of Agamemnon as merely a name representing a dynasty, still less as one of the *dramatis personæ* in a solar myth.

How much of the story of Agamemnon is really to be accepted as fact, and by what test we may discriminate between that which is merely plausible fiction and that residuum of true history which can be detected under a mythic disguise in this and other Greek legends, are problems as yet unsolved, notwithstanding the immense amount of erudition and subtle criticism which has been expended on them. At the present stage of the enquiry we may venture to assert that a solution of such problems is not to be found if we confine our researches to Greek and Roman literature. There remains the question, Is there any evidence other than that contained in classical literature which is worthy of consideration in this case? The recent discoveries on the site of Mycenæ have led many students of history to

believe that such evidence is at length obtained, and we now propose to examine more closely the grounds for such a belief.

Before discussing the discoveries of Dr. Schliemann at Mycenæ, it may be well to notice the remains on that site which have been so often visited and described by travellers during the present century. Thucydides speaks of the remains at Mycenæ in his time as insignificant in proportion to the former greatness of the royal residence of the Atreidæ. Strabo, who seems never to have personally visited the interior of the Peloponnese, and to whom archæological information was only of secondary importance, states that in his day, at the close of the first century B.C., not a vestige was to be found on the site of this once famous city. About a century and a half after Strabo wrote, that diligent topographer Pausanias visited Mycenæ, and noticed the walls round the citadel, the great gateway leading into it, and the lions surmounting the gateway. These walls, he adds, were the work of the Cyclopes, who built the walls of Tiryns for Proetus. He also mentions certain subterranean buildings in which Atreus and his sons deposited their treasure. The travellers who visited Mycenæ early in the present century had no difficulty in recognizing the ruins described by Pausanias. The Akropolis occupies a rocky height which projects from the foot of the mountain behind it, in the form of an irregular triangle of which the longest side lies south-east and north-west. The south flank of this natural fortress is protected by a deep gorge, through which winds the bed of a torrent usually dry in summer. On the north side is a glen stretching east and west. Between these two ravines the ground slopes down to the plain in terraces, through which may still be traced the line of an ancient way, leading from the principal gate of the Akropolis to a bridge over the torrent, the foundations of which may still be seen. At intervals on either side of this road are the remains of five of the buildings called by Pausanias treasuries; and here, extending over the space of about a square mile to the west, south-west, and east of the Akropolis, must have stood the lower city, connected

with the Akropolis by a wall, some traces of which may still be seen near the great gateway.

The walls of the Akropolis are said to be more perfect than those of any fortress in Greece, and range in height from thirteen to thirty-five feet, with an average thickness of sixteen feet. Originally they were probably much higher. The area which they enclose is rather more than one thousand feet in length. They exhibit several kinds of masonry, which Dr. Schliemann classifies in three periods. The masonry of the first period is composed of large unwrought blocks, the interstices being closed by smaller stones wedged in. This construction is identical with that of the walls at Tiryns, except that the blocks are smaller; and this is certainly what the ancients meant by Cyclopean masonry. In the second period the walls are built of polygons with hewn joints, so well fitted as to seem one solid face of wall. This is the kind of masonry of which so many examples may be seen in Greece and Etruria. In the third kind of masonry at Mycenæ blocks almost quadrangular are arranged in nearly parallel courses, but their joints are not always vertical. This masonry is used in the walls on either side of the great gateway. Near the north-east corner a gallery has been made in the thickness of the wall, and extends for rather more than sixteen feet. At Tiryns we find such galleries on a much larger scale. One of these Dr. Schliemann states to be ninety feet long and nearly eight feet broad. In its external wall it has six recesses or window-openings, with triangular-headed roofs formed of approaching stones. These galleries evidently served as covered ways leading from one guard-room or tower to another; while the openings may be regarded as embrasures where archers might be stationed. Such passages are, we believe, unknown in later Greek fortification; indeed, the average thickness of the walls would hardly admit of them. The great gateway in the north-west corner of the citadel, usually known as the Lions' Gate, stands at right angles to the adjacent wall, and is approached by a passage fifty feet long and thirty feet wide, formed by that wall and another running

parallel to it, which, according to Dr. Schliemann, forms one side of a large square tower erected as a flanking defence. The gateway is nearly eleven feet high, with a width of ten feet below. The lintel is a single block fifteen feet long and eight feet broad. Over it is a triangular gap in the masonry, for the insertion of the slab on which the lions are sculptured. This slab is ten feet high, twelve feet long at the base, and two feet thick. The lions stand, like heraldic supporters, on either side of a column which rests on a base, thought by some to be an altar. The style of sculpture of these lions differs as completely from all other remains of archaic Greek sculpture as the column between them differs in type from the earliest specimens of Doric or Ionic architecture.

On the lower ground lying to the south-west of the Akropolis are the so-called treasuries. The largest of these is the building commonly called the Treasury of Atreus. The interior is a chamber fifty feet high and of equal diameter, resembling in form a beehive. It is built of well-wrought rectangular blocks of breccia, laid in horizontal courses which approach gradually till they converge in the apex. This kind of vaulting, formed by approaching horizontal courses, may be called Egyptian, as the earliest example of it is found in a gallery in the interior of the Great Pyramid. Such a vault would of course owe its stability to vertical pressure, while the lateral thrust would be very much less than in any variety of the keystone arch, and at Mycenæ any such lateral pressure was amply provided for by enormous masses of stone piled against the outer face of the courses of the masonry. Over these rude outside buttresses the earth was heaped to the level of the apex of the chamber, so that it was completely subterranean. The blocks of the lower courses are one foot ten inches high and from four to seven feet long. As the courses ascend, the blocks of which they are built gradually diminish in size. From the fourth course upwards these blocks are severally pierced with two holes bored in the breccia for the reception of bronze nails, several of which have been found entire. They have broad flat heads, and it is very

generally agreed that they originally served to attach to the walls the plates of copper with which we may suppose the chamber to have been once lined.*

A *dromos*, or way, upwards of twenty feet wide and flanked by massive parallel walls of the same masonry as the chamber, leads up to the doorway, which is eighteen feet high, with a width of nine feet two inches at the bottom and rather less at the top. The lintel is formed of two immense slabs, of which the inner one measures three feet nine inches in thickness, with a breadth of seventeen feet, and a length of twenty-nine feet on its upper and twenty-seven and one-half feet on its lower surface. This enormous block, which is perfectly wrought and polished, is computed approximately to weigh nearly sixty-seven tons. Above the lintel is a triangular niche, each side of which measures ten feet, and which was probably filled up with a sculptured slab.

It may be inferred from various holes pierced in the stones of the doorway that the entrance, like the interior of this building, was anciently decorated. The side of the doorway was originally ornamented with semi-columns, fragments of which were still lying about *in situ* when Colonel Leake visited Mycenæ at the beginning of this century. He describes them as having a base and capital not unlike the Tuscan order in profile, but enriched with a very elegant ornament, chiefly zigzag, sculptured in relief, which was continued in vertical compartments over the whole shaft. Other fragments which have been found at Mycenæ indicate that the doorway was ornamented with strips of stone, on which are sculptured in low relief spiral and other ornaments. The material of these fragments was green, red, or yellow marble. They are engraved in the fifth volume of Stuart's "Athens," where a restoration of the doorway from these data by Professor Donaldson is also given.

As has been often remarked, the character of these ornaments resembles nothing in later Greek architecture; indeed, so strange is their aspect, that the authors of the French Expedition Scientifique were inclined to believe that the fragments collected by travellers were of Byzantine origin. The three other subterranean buildings at Mycenæ are of smaller dimensions and are not so well preserved as the so-called Treasury of Atreus.

* In the ruins of the vast chamber at Orchomenos, which Pausanias calls the Treasury of Minyas, Dr. Schliemann found blocks similarly pierced, and here and there remains of the bronze nails (p. 45).

We have now indicated the peculiar features of the site of Mycenæ as it appeared to travellers before the recent discoveries were made by Dr. Schliemann. These features have been described again and again by Leake, Dodwell, Gell, Mure, E. Curtius, and other authorities, who nearly all agree in referring the ruins of Mycenæ and Tiryns to the same period of remote antiquity to which, as we have already stated, not only Pausanias in the second century A.D., but Pindar and the tragedians, attributed them. The extent of the fortifications, the peculiar character of the masonry, the huge blocks employed at Tiryns and in the Treasury of Atreus, the transport and fixing of which must have been a very difficult and costly operation, the style of the architectural ornaments over the Lions' Gate and at the entrance to the Treasury of Atreus, so estranged from the associations of later Hellenic art, all predisposed the minds of modern travellers and archaeologists to accept generally the tradition of antiquity that at Mycenæ and Tiryns we have remains of the heroic age. There is no spot in Greece where the *admonitus loci* has acted more strongly on the imagination than Mycenæ. The traveller, as he comes over the mountain pass from the interior, looks down on the ancient kingdom of the Atreidæ, as Orestes is invited to look down on it in the "Electra" of Sophocles; when again he stands within the Akropolis, and from its dismantled walls looks out on the plain of Argolis below him, with Tiryns and Nauplia and the sea in the distance, and the Heraion and Argos on either side, he is reminded of that ancient watchman who tells us at the opening of the "Agamemnon" how long he had strained his weary eyes looking out for the beacon light which was to tell of the capture of Troy. But it is in the Gateway of the Lions that these associations crowd on the mind with the greatest intensity. To the believer in the tale of Troy the very stones of this threshold seem to give back a faint echo of that far-off day when Agamemnon, in the first flush of dear-bought victory, entered that fatal gateway unheeding the warning voice of Cassandra in his ear.

Thus it was that most of the travellers who visited Mycenæ in the early part of this century gazed on its remains with a reverent faith, something like that with which pilgrims to some time-hallowed shrine regard the jealously guarded relics which they are at length permitted to behold. But, if the mere aspect of so famous

a site suggested so much to the archæologist, what might not be expected from its systematic exploration? From the time of Gell and Dodwell to our own generation, the excavation of Mycenæ has been earnestly desired by those who have most studied the antiquities and topography of Greece. We shall not now stop to enquire why so obvious an enterprise was not undertaken long ago, either by the Greek government or by some private society; our business here is to show how much has been accomplished by the untiring enthusiasm and liberality of one man, aided by his indefatigable wife, whose achievement entitles him to the gratitude not of Greece merely, but of all civilized races so long as the human past shall have any interest for mankind.

In the year 1874 Dr. Schliemann first made some tentative diggings within the Akropolis at Mycenæ. The results were encouraging; but it was not till August 1876, that, having obtained the necessary permission from the Greek government, he began the work of exploration on an adequate scale. The three objects to which he first addressed himself were the clearing out the treasury nearest the Lions' Gate, the removal of the ruins which blocked up the gate itself, and the digging a deep trench from north to south across the lower part of the Akropolis, where he had already sunk shafts in 1874. This part of the citadel falls with a considerable slope from the highest part of the Akropolis to the north-east, and here Dr. Schliemann encountered a great depth of soil, partly due to the accumulation of detritus from the rocky ground above. In the upper part of this soil various specimens of archaic pottery and implements, and other antiquities in metal, bone, or clay, were found in abundance. Soon lines of walls built of unwrought stones in Cyclopean masonry began to appear; then *stela* or tombstones of calcareous stone, on which were rude figures in relief; four of these tombstones stood in a line north and south, and scattered about were fragments of others. The ground on which these tombstones stood was a circular area ninety feet in diameter, enclosed all round by a double row of parallel rectangular slabs of calcareous stone. These slabs were originally set on end in a vertical or nearly vertical position, and held together by cross slabs, which have been fitted on to their upper ends with a mortice and tenon joint. The southern part of this enclosing circle rested on a massive rough-hewn wall of Cyclopean masonry, which was

evidently built to bring the earth within the circular area up to a level, as the ground here falls abruptly towards the outer wall of the citadel. Immediately to the north and south of the circular area were a number of foundation walls of Cyclopean masonry, enclosing spaces which Dr. Schliemann calls the rooms and corridors of houses of a prehistoric period, and all these foundations lying round the circular area are bounded by a Cyclopean wall, which, starting from the north side of the Lions' Gate, runs for some distance nearly north and south, and then, turning at a right angle nearly to the west, is continued to the western outer wall of the citadel.

The whole space enclosed between this inner wall and the western outer wall appears on Dr. Schliemann's plan like a *temenos*, set apart from the rest of the Akropolis for some special purpose, while the discovery of the tombstones within the circular area at once suggested that it had been a place of sepulture. Going lower here Dr. Schliemann soon came on vestiges which confirmed this opinion. At the depth of three feet below the level of the tombstones he found two oblong blocks of stone, five feet seven inches long, one foot broad, and seven inches thick, lying one on the other; and at their south end a smaller slab in an oblique position; below these occurred here and there small quantities of black ashes, in which were studs plated with gold, and other curious objects. On reaching the native rock a quadrangular tomb cut in the rock was discovered (No. 1 of Plan B). This tomb at the brink was twenty-one feet six inches long by ten feet four inches in width, but this area was much reduced at the bottom by a wall faced with schistous slabs, which lined the four sides of the cutting to a height of six and one-half feet, and projected all round three feet from the face of the rock. At the bottom of this grave, fifteen feet below the level of the rock, and twenty-seven feet below the surface of the ground before the excavations, Dr. Schliemann found a layer of pebbles, on which lay the remains of three bodies, distant three feet from one another. From the marks of fire on the pebbles and round these remains, and from the undisturbed state of the ashes, Dr. Schliemann concludes that these three bodies had been partially burned at the bottom of the grave. All three had been placed with their heads to the east, and appeared to have been forcibly squeezed into the space left for them between the lining walls, which did

not exceed five feet six inches. The body which lay at the north end of the tomb had the face covered with a heavy gold mask (No. 473), and on the breast was a gold breastplate, fifteen and three-fifths inches long and nine and one-half inches broad (No. 458). On removing these a sight so marvellous presented itself to the astonished eyes of Dr. Schliemann that we must let him tell the tale in his own words:—

The round face, with all its flesh, had been wonderfully preserved under its ponderous gold mask; there was no vestige of hair, but both eyes were perfectly visible, also the mouth, which, owing to the enormous weight that had pressed on it, was wide open and showed thirty-two beautiful teeth. . . . The nose was entirely gone. The body having been too long for the space between the two inner walls of the tomb, the head had been pressed in such a manner on the breast that the upper part of the shoulders was nearly in a horizontal line with the vertex of the head. Notwithstanding the large gold breastplate, so little had been preserved of the breast that the inner side of the spine was visible in many places. In its squeezed and mutilated state the body measured only 2 feet 4.5 inches from the top of the head to the beginning of the loins; the breadth of the shoulders did not exceed 1 ft. 1.25 in. and the breadth of the chest 1 ft. 3 in. Such had been the pressure of the *debris* and stones that the body had been reduced to a thickness of from 1 in. to 1.5 in. The color of the body resembled that of an Egyptian mummy. The forehead was ornamented with a plain round leaf of gold, and a still larger one was lying on the right eye. I further observed a large and a small gold leaf on the breast below the gold breast-cover, and a large one just above the right thigh (p. 296).

These remains were of course in a very crumbling and evanescent condition, and Dr. Schliemann, fearing that they would not long resist the impact of the external air, had a painting made at once, from which a cut is given in his book. The body, however, held out two days, when it was rendered hard and solid by the ingenuity of a druggist from Argos, who poured over it a solution of gum sandarac and alcohol.

Across the loins lay a gold sword-belt, in the middle of which the fragment of a double-edged bronze sword was firmly attached. On the right lay two bronze swords, the handle of one of which is of bronze thickly plated with gold and richly ornamented. The handle of the other sword and the scabbards of both must have been of wood, as oblong and circular gold plates, ornamented with designs in relief, were lying alongside the sword-

blades, just where we might expect to find them had they been attached to wood since decayed. Near the swords was found a tassel made of long shreds of very thin gold plate, which probably was attached to a sword-belt. At the distance of little more than a foot to the right of the body were lying eleven bronze swords, mostly decayed. There were in the same part of the tomb one hundred and twenty-four round studs, plain or ornamented, of which the two largest are the size of five-franc pieces; and six ornaments, which Dr. Schliemann calls crosses, but which might be better described as lozenge-shaped. All these ornaments were of wood plated with gold.

To the right of the body was a large gold drinking-cup, six inches in diameter, with one handle (No. 475), encircled with a row of arched ornaments in *repoussé* work, which have a curious resemblance in outline to a Roman aqueduct. At the south end of this tomb were fifteen swords, of which ten were placed at the feet, and between this body and the one in the middle of the tomb was a large heap of broken swords, which Dr. Schliemann calculates to have amounted to more than sixty, also a few bronze knives.

The remains of the central body appeared to have been disturbed after interment. The layer of clay and the upper layer of pebbles with which the other two bodies and their ornaments had been covered had been removed from this one, which was moreover nearly destitute of gold ornaments. Dr. Schliemann thinks that some sacrilegious marauder of later times must have sunk a shaft in the centre of the tomb and plundered this part of the grave. This would account for the gold studs and other objects which he found scattered in the upper soil in digging down to this tomb (p. 152), and which may have been dropped by the plunderer, in his hasty raid. The catalogue of what was found in this wonderful tomb is not yet finished. Besides the objects already enumerated which were found on or near the three bodies, Dr. Schliemann mentions two more gold cups; the remains of a vase partly of silver and partly of copper plated with gold, which must, when entire, have been two feet six inches high, with a diameter of one foot eight inches for the widest part of the body; eight large pommels for sword-hilts, of which seven were carved in alabaster, and one of wood, all ornamented with gold nails; also a large alabaster vase, of which the mouth was mounted in bronze plated

with gold, and which contained a quantity of studs which had been originally of wood plated with gold. No less than three hundred and forty of the gold plates of these studs were found in the tomb. Many of them were richly embossed with patterns, which will be noticed further on. This tomb also contained many fragments of wooden instruments and boxes, among which the most interesting were two sides of a small quadrangular casket, on each of which was carved in relief a lion and a dog. Food seems also to have been deposited in this tomb, as a number of oyster shells, and among them several unopened oysters, were found in it, also a large number of boar's teeth.

As Dr. Schliemann continued to explore the ground within the circular enclosure, he soon came on other tombs, the contents of which were equally surprising. We will take the largest of these (No. 4 of Plan B). Digging through a part of the circular area where no tombstone stood, he found black soil, which had evidently never been disturbed since a remote antiquity, and at twenty feet below the surface he struck upon an elliptical mass of masonry with a large opening like a well. At the depth of six and one-half feet below was a tomb hewn in the rock twenty-four feet long, eighteen and one-half feet broad; the bottom of this tomb was thirty-three feet below the level of the upper soil. All around the sides was a slanting wall of schist seven feet eight inches high, which projected four feet, and thus considerably diminished the area of the tomb at the bottom, on which lay the remains of five men, three with the head to the east, the other two with the head to the north. The bodies had evidently been burnt on the spot where they lay, as was proved by the abundance of ashes on and about each corpse, and the marks of fire on the pebbles and the schist. Upon the remains of the bodies lay a layer three or four inches thick of white clay, on which was a second layer of pebbles. On removing these layers a treasure equal in interest and value to that of the tomb already described was suddenly revealed. As the account of the contents of this one tomb occupies not less than seventy-four pages of the volume before us, we can only indicate here the principal classes of objects discovered. On the faces of three out of the five men here interred had been massive gold masks. Two of these bodies had a large gold breastplate, and close to the head of one was a magnificent gold crown (No. 337). To the thigh bone of

one of the bodies was attached a gold band, supposed to have served for fastening the greave, *knemis*. In the same precious material were three shoulder-belts; ten plates to cover the pommels of sword-hilts; the remains of a sceptre, or perhaps a caduceus (p. 287, Nos. 451-2), richly inlaid with rock crystal; an unusually large and massive armlet; two large signet rings, on one of which a hunting-scene and on the other a battle were engraved in intaglio; not to mention endless studs and smaller personal ornaments. This tomb, like the one already described, had its little armory of weapons. No less than forty-six bronze swords, more or less fragmentary, were taken from it. With these were found several alabaster pommels of swords and fragments of wooden scabbards, together with the gold plates with which they were once ornamented, and the gold pins and nails with which these ornaments were fastened. Lances, too, were not wanting; the wooden shafts, though seeming entire on their first discovery, crumbled away on exposure to air. In one place thirty-five arrow-heads of obsidian lay in a heap; their wooden shafts had perished either from decay or cremation. Oyster shells and unopened oysters here, as in the tomb already described, indicated that the living had not forgotten to provide food for the dead; but this tomb contained in addition a whole *batterie de cuisine*, in the shape of thirty-two large copper cauldrons, and other vessels of copper which stood upright along the walls of the tomb. The cauldrons must be among the largest which have come down to us from Hellenic antiquity. Three of these have a diameter ranging from fourteen to twenty inches. Most of these vessels bore signs of having been long used on the fire. It might have been expected from the analogy of the famous royal tomb near Kertch, called the Koul Obo, that remains of food would be found in these cauldrons. This does not seem to have been the case, but one of them contained no less than one hundred large and small wooden studs, plated with gold. We will conclude our list of the objects found in this tomb by drawing attention to the nine gold cups, one of which, No. 344, weighs four pounds Troy; the two wine-jugs, one of gold, the other of silver; the ox's head of silver, with horns of gold, No. 327; the silver vase in the form of a stag, No. 376, and the three-handled alabaster cup, No. 356.

We must now describe the contents of a somewhat smaller tomb (No. 3 of Plan

B), rather more than sixteen feet long and ten feet broad, cut in the rock, and lined with sloping walls of schist and clay, like those already described. In this tomb were the remains of three persons, thought to be women on account of the smallness of the bones, and particularly the teeth, and the quantity of female ornaments. All had the head turned to the east. Under and above them was the usual layer of pebbles. The bottom of the tomb was nearly thirty feet below the surface of the upper soil. The bodies had evidently been burnt as they lay, and were literally laden with jewels, all of which bore marks of fire and smoke. The ornaments were for the most plates of gold with a design in *repoussé* work. Of these no less than seven hundred and one were collected, some of which must have been strewn all over the bottom of the sepulchre before the funeral pyre was prepared, and the rest laid on the bodies before the fire was kindled. The subjects of the designs are a sepia or cuttle-fish, a flower, a butterfly, various spiral patterns, all contained within the circle of a disk. Other plates again were cut in outline, so as to imitate fan-shaped leaves. In another class of jewels animals or the human figure were not relieved on a ground, but embossed and cut out in outline, like the *emblemata* of later Greek art. Among these designs we find three gryphons (No. 261), a crouching lion, a naked female figure with a dove flying from each shoulder, and another perched on her head (Nos. 267, 268), another draped figure, the hands joined in the middle of the bosom (No. 273), butterflies, cuttle-fish, lions, hippocampi, sphinxes, and other varieties of animal life. In some of these ornaments quadrupeds or birds are combined in pairs, and rest on a triple branch growing like a palm. These seem to have formed the heads of pins for brooches. On the head of one of the persons interred was found a magnificent crown (*stephanos* *) two feet one inch long, formed by a band tapering to both ends, in which were set thirty-six large leaves, which must have stood upright (p. 185, No. 281). There were also five diadems similar, but much less rich in character, and a number of detached flowers and stars made in the same manner. The quantity of gold, agate, and amber beads in this tomb shows that many

necklaces must have been deposited in it. Three small rectangular ornaments of gold, of an oblong form and perforated through their length, may have formed part of necklaces, if they were not mounted in swivel rings. On one side of each of these a design is rudely carved in intaglio. The three subjects are a man, perhaps Herakles, fighting with a lion, two warriors fighting, and a lion kneeling on rocky ground and looking back as if wounded. Some curious ornaments, composed of spirals of fine gold wire, may be parts of necklaces or bracelets, while other combinations of spirals may have been used, as Dr. Schliemann conjectures, to bind together separate tresses and locks of hair. The provision for the toilet for the nether world was clearly shown by the remains of a gold comb with teeth of bone, two small boxes of gold, and three large vases in the same metal, all with covers fastened on with gold wires in a very primitive manner; an alabaster scoop (No. 325) fashioned as if to represent a hollow formed by two hands in juxtaposition. Such objects may be regarded as the prototypes of the *pyxides* and other *mundus muliebris* so often found in Greek tombs, and of which they at once remind the archaeologist; but some of the other antiquities found in this tomb are quite new to us, as for instance the four rectangular boxes (see No. 323) made of sheet copper, each of which is ten inches long, five inches high, and four and one-half inches wide, which were found filled with fairly preserved wood, and which it is supposed had been covered with a thick wooden plate. These were lying near the heads of the dead, and Dr. Schliemann conjectures that they may have been pillows. Remains of wood were also found in twelve gold hollow tubes; these probably belong to distaffs or spindles, and the two silver rods which have been plated with gold, and which terminate in crystal knobs, were probably used for the same purpose. The three other tombs, though not quite so remarkable as those which we have already noticed, contained much that is new to us, and worthy of a careful study. But no idea can be formed of the splendor and variety of these objects without reference to the cuts and engravings with which this volume is profusely illustrated.

Such were the marvellous contents of the five tombs within the circular enclosure on the Akropolis. But the treasure was not yet exhausted, for close to the circular area was a rectangular cutting in the rock, lined with a roughly-built wall of

* We have followed Dr. Schliemann in describing this and other gold ornamental bands as crowns, but the form of these bands is more like that of the *mitra* worn as part of the Greek panoply on the front of the body, and their scale seems too large for a headdress.

stones on its eastern and northern faces. On excavating here no remains of bodies or evidence of cremation were detected, but several curious objects, similar to those deposited in the five tombs, were found at the bottom of the cutting. The most remarkable of these objects were a gold couching lion, evidently the ornament of a large *fibula*; four gold cups, of which the handles terminate in dogs' heads at their upper attachment to the rim; and two large gold rings. On the oval chaton of one of these (p. 354, No. 530) is represented a most curious scene. On the left a female figure is seated on rocks at the foot of a tree, possibly intended for a palm-tree; behind her a smaller figure appears to be gathering fruit from one of the branches; in her left hand the seated figure holds out three poppy-heads; before her stands another female figure advancing her right hand as if to receive the poppy-heads; and between these two figures another smaller female figure stands immediately in front of the knees of the seated figure, holding up a flower as if offering it. Behind the taller standing figure, and on the extreme right of the scene, is another female figure holding flowers in either hand. Between the seated figure and the taller figure standing in front of her we see a double-edged battle-axe, or, perhaps, a pair of such axes. Between the two taller standing figures is what appears to be a palladium, in the hand of which is a spear held very much as it is shown in the ancient representation of the palladium. Between this figure and the top of the tree on the opposite side of the scene we see the sun and crescent moon, below which is a double wavy line bent round in a curve, which may represent the sea. Behind the standing figure on the extreme left six objects are ranged on the edge of the chaton, so as to follow its curve. These objects are thought by Dr. Schliemann to be masks representing Corinthian helmets. We have examined them repeatedly with a powerful lens, and can only see in them the faces of lions or panthers; the ears, which are distinctly visible, are entirely feline in character. The dresses of all the female figures are very curious. Across the skirts of the two standing figures are raised horizontal ridges which may be the edges of upper garments falling over the innermost garment. On the surface of the skirts zigzag lines may be traced which probably represent embroidered patterns; on one figure this pattern looks like overlapping scales.

The intaglio on the oval chaton of the other gold ring presents an equally strange subject. Here we see two parallel rows of animals' heads, between which is a row of small disks or bosses. In the upper row an ox's head is placed between two heads which, on the whole, it is safest to consider as representing lions; in the lower row there is a counterchange; between two oxen's heads is a single lion's head. On the extreme left is what looks like wheat ears growing from a single stem, and opposite, on the extreme right, is a single plant or flower.

We have now indicated the main features of Dr. Schliemann's memorable discovery in the Mycenaean citadel; and here several questions naturally present themselves. To what race and period are we to assign the remains in these tombs? Are they Hellenic or præ-Hellenic? What is their relation chronologically to that ancient citadel within the walls of which they were found? Did the lions over the gateway guard this immense sepulchral treasure, and for how long? What, again, is their connection with the buildings popularly called treasuries, below the Akropolis? Do the legends of the house of the Atreidæ throw any light on these sepulchral remains within their citadel? And again, do these remains illustrate or corroborate these legends?

Before we attempt to deal with the complicated problem involved in these questions, it may be well to interrogate the remains themselves and ascertain what evidence archæology can extract from them. Now in the outset of such an enquiry we must bear in mind that the contents of these tombs show us, as might indeed have been expected, that the same custom which prevailed through the ancient pagan world generally prevailed also at Mycenæ. The dead were regarded as personages deserving of pious attention from the living, and therefore their sepulchres were furnished with such things as in this life they took delight in. The sentiment conveyed in Virgil's well-known lines —

Quæ gratia currum

Amorumque fuit vivis . . .

. . . eadem sequitur tellure repostos —

was not confined to Greece and Italy. Modern research has shown how the Scandinavian, Celtic, or Scythian warrior was buried not only with his armor and weapons, but with his war chariot, his horse, and sometimes with abundant supplies of raiment, food, and wine for his

banquets in the other world. We also know that in proportion to the rank and wealth of the deceased, was the preciousness of the offerings deposited with him in the tomb. Now it may be fairly inferred, from the large amount of gold found in the Mycenaean tombs, that the bodies so lavishly decorated were those of personages distinguished in their day for wealth and power; and, if this was the case, it may be assumed that the art employed in fashioning all this gold into ornaments was the best art which was available in Mycenæ at the time when the deposit of this treasure was made.

If the criteria by which we are in the habit of judging of the art of the Greeks and other ancient races are applied to these Mycenaean antiquities we shall find that they rank very low in the scale. They present to us, it is true, considerable vigor and invention in the designing of mere patterns and ornaments, but in almost every case in which the representation of animal life is attempted, we see a feebleness of execution, the result of barbarous ignorance; those qualities and proportions of visible nature on the observation of which the representation of organic beings in art depends are either not perceived at all or are so rendered as to be unintelligible. In support of this criticism we would refer our readers to the illustrations in the work before us, which are sufficiently faithful to give those who have not seen the originals a fair impression of their merits. To begin with the gold masks. Two of these are so crushed out of shape that perhaps it is hardly fair to subject them to criticism, but the other two (No. 331, p. 220, and No. 474, p. 289) have suffered but little. After reading Dr. Schliemann's glowing description of these masks on the first announcement of their discovery, we confess that it was not without a shudder that we first beheld these hideous libels on the "human face divine." As representations of life we can hardly rate them much higher than the work of New Zealanders and other savages. In No. 331 the width from ear to ear is so disproportionate that the whole mask takes the form of an oval of which the longest diameter is at right angles to the nose. Let us hope that no race so repulsive as this specimen ever dwelt in the fortress of the Atreidae. The other mask, No. 474, is a little more comely; the nose, though almost devoid of nostril, has the merit of being straight, and the moustache, beard, and eyebrows are tolerably rendered. But there is the same disproportionate width

from the outer corners of the eyes to the ears, and there is no attempt to model the features. Dr. Schliemann thinks that these masks are meant to be portraits of the persons on whose remains they were found. This is more than probable, and the artist may have had the assistance of a squeeze in clay or wax taken from the face after death. If he had sufficient skill to use this squeeze as a matrix, he may have obtained a cast in relief from it. Our belief is that, having obtained such a cast in some yielding material, he copied that by hand, carving it out in wood or some material hard enough to hammer gold upon. We may thus account for the curious realism in such details as the moustache and beard, the smooth surface of which suggests the notion that oil had been applied to this part of the face to make the mould deliver, as is done now by *formatori*. We have already mentioned that on the tombstones above the sepulchres were subjects sculptured in relief. On one of these (p. 81) in an oblong sinking is a figure standing in a chariot drawn by a quadruped galloping, which we must assume to be a horse, in spite of his tail, which curls upwards like an angry bull's. Before the head of this quadruped a figure runs brandishing a falchion. Another tombstone (p. 86) has a similar design, and on a third below the figure in the chariot is an animal which Dr. Schliemann describes (p. 81) as a "tolerably well-preserved dog, but which is more probably a lion chasing some quadruped, which, were it not for the inordinate length of his tail, we might call a deer." These reliefs are hardly superior to the rudest specimens of sculpture over the doors of some of our Norman churches. Even Dr. Schliemann's enthusiasm fails him here, and he admits that "the men and animals are made as rudely and in as puerile a manner as if they were the primitive artist's first essay to represent living beings." The same incapacity for representing the forms of organic life appears in the smaller works where human figures are introduced.

When we turn from the representations of the human figure to that of animals in these Mycenaean antiquities, we see that superiority in the treatment of the lower forms of organic life which is characteristic of very early art in many barbarous races. As a rule, quadrupeds are more correctly represented than men, birds than quadrupeds, fishes and insects than birds. This is certainly the case at Mycenæ. Of animals, the lion seems to have been the

most studied and the best understood. It is true that the gold mask of a lion, represented on p. 211, fails as much to express the true characteristics of the animal, and errs as much in proportion, as the human masks already noticed; but the action of the lion springing on his prey in the embossed plate, No. 470, is expressed with a spirit to which the cut in the work before us by no means does justice. The lion (p. 178, No. 263) in *repoussé* work, which was probably designed as an ornament to be worn on a garment, is also not without character, though rudely beat out and treated as mere decoration; but in the couching lion (p. 361, No. 532) we have an animal that reminds us at once of the granite lions of Egypt and the bronze lion weights found by Mr. Layard at Nimrud. The style has something of the repose which is the characteristic of Egyptian lions, but in the modelling we trace the influence of an Asiatic school. Next in merit to this lion must rank the silver ox's * head with the two long gold horns and a gold star on the forehead. The surface of the silver is so much corroded as to detract very much from the effect of this head, but the proportions are well preserved, and, judging from the muzzle, which, having been plated with gold, has not equally decayed, the modelling must have been very fair. A stag (p. 257, No. 376) made of a base metal, of which the analysis yielded two-thirds silver and one-third lead, is chiefly interesting as a primitive attempt to represent a quadruped standing on his legs without any other support. The result is somewhat ungainly. The body of the stag is hollow, and on his back is a spout, showing that the form of this animal has been adapted for a vase.

When we pass from the representation of quadrupeds to the lower forms of life, we find fish, probably intended for the dolphin and the sepia or octopus, which occur frequently both on the embossed disks (p. 166, No. 240) and also (p. 268, No. 424) as reliefs without a background, so that the outline of the cuttle-fish is left free. This is the mode in which the *emblemata* are made which we find in later Greek art attached as ornaments to mirror covers and vases. No less than fifty-three of the cuttle-fish represented (No. 424) were collected out of one tomb. Dr. Schliemann states that their perfect similarity can only be explained by supposing that they were

all cast in the same mould. They may, however, have been all hammered out on the same model, and afterwards united in pairs, so as to present the same relief on both sides, as Dr. Schliemann suggested in reference to a similar class of ornaments (p. 183). The spirals in which the arms of the octopus terminate would of course give facilities for fastening them as ornaments on garments. Moths are another favorite subject with the Mycænæan goldsmiths. We find them on the disks and also separately cut out like the cuttle-fish. It is curious, on comparing these, to see how carefully some of them appeared to have been studied from nature, and how the same type reappears in a more conventional form.

The patterns borrowed from the vegetable world are not so varied. Among the embossed disks of which so large a number was found in the tomb of the women were fan-shaped leaves cut out of gold plates in outline, with the inner markings of the leaves raised in relief, so that they seem like botanical diagrams. In another place are two pomegranates (p. 176, Nos. 257, 258) which have evidently formed the pendants of necklaces. In a large proportion of the ornaments, whether disks or crowns, the basis of the pattern is a circular flower, of which the leaves are sometimes pointed, and sometimes rounded at the ends. Sometimes again these leaves, radiating from a common centre, have their points bent in the same oblique direction, as if they were obeying the force of a whirling movement. The effect of the large detached flowers is exceedingly rich, though produced by a process so simple that a modern goldsmith might despise it. The separate leaves of the flower are first cut out of thin gold plate; each leaf is ornamented with bosses, spirals, beadings, and other ornaments, all cut out of the plate in relief; these leaves are then united by a central stud or plate, which forms the eye of the flower. Each leaf being covered with raised patterns, a great variety of light-reflecting points is obtained from a very small surface of gold, and the whole effect is very striking.

When floral forms are not adopted, round bosses and other circular patterns and combinations of spirals are the basis of most of the patterns, and these combinations of spirals seem to have been first suggested by the facility with which gold wire can be worked into such a pattern, as is shown by the spiral bracelets and clasps (p. 196). In the ornaments which

* Dr. Schliemann calls this a cow's head, but we are assured by naturalists that he has mistaken the sex.

the Mycenaean goldsmiths seem to have applied to gold we are always reminded of its malleability and ductility; and if they had been as skilful as later goldsmiths in the processes of casting, chasing, and soldering, to which this metal lends itself so easily, their ornaments would have had a different character, less broad and simple, but capable of greater refinement of execution and variety of composition. Two fragments of Mycenaean goldsmith's work, of singular beauty and unique of their kind, must not be passed over here. The original objects to which these two fragments belonged may have been a *caduceus*, as one of the pieces represents a coiled snake, the other part of a hollow cylinder which had enclosed a wooden staff. The cylinder is formed of four-leaved flowers united at the points of their leaves, of which the edges all round are raised so as to form casemates or *cloisons*, in which pieces of rock crystal are inlaid. The spaces between each pair of flowers are filled with pieces of crystal, all nicely adjusted to their places. In like manner the scales of the serpent are of crystal inlaid in gold *cloisonné* work. Of these crystal inlays one only had fallen out, though the surface had been exposed to the action of fire. The gold vessels found in the Mycenaean tombs are chiefly drinking-cups of several kinds. The prevailing type is a one-handled cup tapering more or less from the mouth to the base, so that the form may be likened to a truncated cone inverted. In another type, the cup, in form something like a modern goblet, springs from a stem more or less taper, which again spreads out at the base into a circular foot. In cups of this type the foot, stem, and bottom of the cup are hammered out of one plate of gold, into which the body of the cup is then fitted like an egg into an egg-cup, and riveted by gold nails. Two of these cups are loaded with some other metal at the juncture of the stem with the body. The handles are rudely formed of strips of gold bent to the required shape and riveted by gold nails. The forms of these gold cups are somewhat clumsy, and the inelegance of their design is evidently due to want of skill in metallurgy. The great goblet (p. 234, No. 344) must, before it was crushed in, have been the finest of all the cups in design, as well as being intrinsically the most valuable, its weight being four pounds Troy.

We have already noticed the richly embossed gold plates which once decorated the wooden scabbards and the hilts and

pommels of the swords. The blades of these swords are of bronze and many of them are remarkable for their great length, which Dr. Schliemann calculates as more than three feet. These swords are double-edged, with a high projecting ridge or thread down the centre of the blade. It may be inferred, therefore, that they were used like rapiers for thrusting or guarding. Other shorter swords seem to have been used like a falchion only for delivering a chopping blow, as they have only one edge. All these swords are beautifully made.

We have endeavored to direct attention to the more striking characteristics of style and fabric in the Mycenaean antiquities. The exceeding strangeness of their aspect led to some mystification on their first exhibition. The extreme antiquity claimed for these objects by Dr. Schliemann was strongly contested. It was said that many of them were as late as the Byzantine period; the ornaments were said to be not Hellenic but rather Celtic in character. It was even insinuated that they had been brought from other localities and dexterously inserted in the soil of Mycenæ by their discoverer; that he had, to use an American expression, "salted" his tombs. These doubts and insinuations would be hardly worth noticing here were it not that more than one distinguished archæologist helped to give them currency, misled, as they have since frankly acknowledged, by first impressions.

That these antiquities appear on their first aspect more barbarous than Hellenic may be admitted, but the patient student will not fail to detect many links by which they may be connected with archaic Greek art as we have hitherto known it from extant specimens. In order to discover these latent affinities we must enquire what evidence of the earliest stage of Greek art has been obtained from the islands in the southern part of the Archipelago, and especially from Rhodes, Melos, Crete, Santorin, and Cyprus, islands which lay in the track of the most ancient Phœnician navigation, and were colonized by the Greeks at a very early period. From these islands have been collected certain gems which have only lately received from archæologists the attention they deserved, and a few samples of them have been published by M. F. Lenormant in the *Revue Archéologique*, 1874, p. 1, pl. 12, and also by Ludwig Ross, in his "*Reisen*," iii., p. 21. These gems are pebbles of crystal, sard, onyx, red and green jasper, steatite, and other stones which have been for the most

part roughly wrought into the form of a lens; some few are rhomboid. Both kinds are pierced, evidently to be strung on a necklace, or mounted on a swivel ring. On these stones are engraved, in the rudest manner, animals, monstrous combinations of human and animal forms such as sphinxes, chimæras, etc., and lastly human figures, one of which probably represents Herakles fighting with the lion, another perhaps Prometheus with the vulture.

These intaglios are cut with a rudeness which shows no trace of the influence either of the Egyptian scarab or the Assyrian engraved cylinder, both of which appear to have been imitated by the Phœnician and early Greek gem-engravers. The rude gems from the Greek islands seem to carry us back to some remote time before Hellenic art had any style of its own; before it was sensibly, if at all, affected by foreign influences, whether Asiatic or Egyptian, and the majority of the subjects represented on these primitive gems are such as would be taken direct from nature by a semi-barbarous people. On these gems, as in the similes of Homer, the lion, either alone or devouring cattle or deer, is a favorite subject; we find, too, the wild goat with very large horns, which still inhabits Crete, and was once general in the mountains of the Archipelago. We would refer our readers to the interesting series of these *intagli* in the gem-room of the British Museum, and invite them to compare their rude designs with those of the rings in gold in Dr. Schliemann's work; the resemblances will be found most striking, not only in the subjects and general design and execution, but also in certain minute details. Thus on a museum gem is a female figure of which the dress and general type at once remind us of the strange ladies on the Mycenæan gold ring, No. 530; on another museum gem are two warriors fighting, one of whom is armed with a very long oblong shield, with straight parallel sides, but-curved at the top—just such a shield as is worn by one of the warriors on the Mycenæan signet ring, No. 335. We find, too, on one of the museum gems the same irregular wavy lines to represent water which occur below the sun and moon in the Mycenæan ring, No. 530. But the connection between these gems and the Mycenæan *intagli* in gold does not end here. In the tomb (No. 3) which contained the bodies of three females were found two of the very gems which we have been describing (Nos. 313 and 315). It should be here noted that six gems of this

class were found with other very ancient objects in the upper soil above the tombs, at a depth ranging from ten to thirteen feet (p. 112), and three more were obtained by Dr. Schliemann from the neighborhood of the ancient site where once stood the Argive Heraion.

Ruder and perhaps even more ancient than these gems are the little marble idols representing a naked female figure which are occasionally found in the Greek islands. These figures, which range from ten to fifteen inches in height, remind us at once of the rude carvings of savage races, such as may be seen in ethnographical collections. The lower limbs are indicated by a variation in the outline, and by a deep line of demarcation cut in the marble to show that they are separable one from the other. The arms, marked off in like manner by a deep channel, are folded on the breast; the face is featureless, save a projection which serves to represent the nose, and behind this face is no cranium, only a slight thickness of marble. The one peculiarity which distinguishes these figures from the idols of more recent savage races is that the pelvis is marked very distinctly by three incised lines which form an equilateral triangle.* Among the Mycenæan antiquities are two little gold ornaments representing a naked female figure, which, from the doves associated with it, is probably a very early type of Aphrodite. This figure, though a little less rude than the marble idols, has the arms folded on the bosom in the same manner, and the pelvis is in like manner marked off as a triangle, though in the work before us (p. 180, Nos. 267, 268) the engraver, trusting to photographs, without seeing the originals, has failed to detect this peculiarity.

We have now to call attention to certain equally rude representations of the human figure in terra-cotta, specimens of one variety of which are given in Plate A and B and Plate xvii., Nos. 94-96. These terra-cottas, which do not exceed five inches in height, are rudely fashioned in the form of a draped female figure, only to be recognized as such by the two slight protuberances which indicate breasts. From the waist downwards the draped body is represented as a round column which spreads outwards at the base. There are no indications of feet. The arms pro-

* F. Lenormant, "*Premières Civilisations*," ii., p. 376. It is a curious illustration of this primitive anatomical diagram that the Greeks called this part of the body Delta, from its supposed likeness to the fourth letter in their alphabet.

ject on each side of the shoulder like the ends of a crescent, and are enveloped in a kind of tippet, which falls as low as the waist, and is distinguished from the lower dress by stripes of color. The face is as featureless as the little marble figures already described. This is the type which Dr. Schliemann believes to be an idol representing the cow-headed Hera, whose horns he recognizes in the arms projecting on each side. That these figures are idols is very possible, that the position of the arms may have some hieratic significance, and that it may possibly typify the crescent moon, may be conceded to Dr. Schliemann; but, after a study of this type as it may be traced through the series of ancient terra-cottas from Ialysus and Camirus in the British Museum, we fail to recognize any horns at all, and consequently the ingenious identification of this figure with the Homeric Hera falls to the ground.

In another variety of this type (Pl. C, fig. 1), the arms are folded as in the little marble idols, already noticed. The great antiquity of both these types might be inferred from their extreme rudeness, and the discovery of a single specimen by Dr. Schliemann in one of the five tombs shows that they were in existence as early as the date of those tombs, whatever that may be. As many as seven hundred of such terra-cottas were found in digging through the stratum of ancient soil above the tombs, and similar figures were found in digging through the passage to the treasury, explored by Madame Schliemann. But such archaic types in terra-cotta are not limited to Mycenæ and Tiryns. They have been found in tombs at Athens, and also at Ialysus in Rhodes, and evidently belong to the same primitive class as the rude figures of horsemen found in the tombs of Cyprus, Rhodes, and Athens, of which one mutilated specimen occurred in the diggings of Mycenæ.*

In digging the strata of soil above the tombs Dr. Schliemann found not only potsherds, such as earlier travellers had remarked on the surface, but whole vases, and in the tombs themselves were broken vases. One of the most frequently recurring types is that figured on p. 64 (No. 25), which may thus be described. The body is nearly globular, its neck serves as the support of the two handles which spring from either shoulder of the vase. The neck is closed at the top, the mouth of the

vase is a spout on the shoulder. This type is so peculiar that its recurrence in various localities could not have been due to any chance coincidence. We find it in Egypt, in Cyprus, and forty-three examples of it were obtained from Ialysus in Rhodes. Another form which Mycenæ has in common with Ialysus is the goblet type (p. 70, No. 83), in which a shallow cup with one handle rises from a tall stem. In the ornaments painted on the Ialysian vases we are still more reminded of Mycenæan art. The cuttle-fish, so favorite a symbol with the goldsmiths of Mycenæ, recurs on several of the fictile cups from Ialysus. We have too the same friezes of dolphins or lions encircling the body of the vases in both cases; the combination of spirals such as are found on the gold breastplates constantly recur; and when we compare the fragments of pottery from Mycenæ with the vases from Ialysus, the identity not only in the peculiar ornaments, but in the fabric, is so complete, that we are justified in concluding that the vases of both places, if not the actual products of the same school of fictile art, were made about the same period, and derived their ornaments from some common source.

The Mycenæan ornament seems derived not so much from traditional forms as from nature herself, and flowers seem to have suggested many of the patterns, while shells and other marine products may have suggested others. This preference for floral ornament is equally marked in certain pottery from Santorin on which leaves and tendrils are painted in a free, bold style. From the circumstance that this Santorin pottery was found with other remains under a stratum of lava, a very high antiquity has been claimed for it by M. Lenormant.* As his argument is dependent on certain geological assumptions which have not yet been confirmed by independent enquiry *in situ*, we shall only here remark that the pottery of Santorin presents strong resemblances to the pottery of the Mycenæan tombs and of Ialysus, and that the fictile art of all three places is distinguished by certain peculiar characteristics.

Not only is the pottery of Ialysus almost identical with that of the Mycenæan tombs, but in both we find certain ornaments in a vitreous composition which present a most singular coincidence both in material and pattern. There seems to be good ground for believing that these vitreous ornaments

* Cesnola, "Cyprus," pp. 51, 93, 150, 164, 203. Pl. vi.

* Lenormant, *Revue Archéologique*, xiv., p. 430, and *Academy*, 1874, p. 315.

were originally covered with gold-leaf like some of the terra-cotta ornaments, which in later Greek art supplied necklaces for the dead. In one of the tombs at Mycenæ were several specimens of glass in a more advanced stage of the art. These are described by Dr. Schliemann as small cylinders pierced through their length, and square pieces composed of four such cylinders. Externally these cylinders were cased with greyish-white matter which crumbled under the touch. Within that again was a hard, blue, transparent tube, which, according to Professor Landerer, is of cobalt glass, and within this again another tube, with a lustre like silver, and which is pronounced by the same authority to be a vitreous substance containing lead. It would seem from this evidence that at the period when these tombs were furnished the art of casing cylinders with concentric tubes of glass, one over the other, was already known. No other specimens of glass were found by Dr. Schliemann at Mycenæ except a few beads in the soil above the tombs. One more point may be noted which connects the remains at Ialysus with those at Mycenæ—a peculiarity in the form of the gold rings. In the rings from both sites, the back of the chaton is hollowed to fit the round of the finger, and the form and fabric of these rings are peculiar and unlike any other Greek rings with which we are acquainted.

We have now indicated some of the resemblances which may be detected by a careful comparison of the antiquities from Santorin, Ialysus, and Sparta with those of Mycenæ, but the enquiry, to be complete, should be carried much further. If certain ancient remains from Melos, Attica, Megara, the Rhodian Ialysus and Camirus, and Cyprus, were combined with the contents of the Mycænæan tombs, and arranged as far as possible in their presumed chronological sequence, a phenomenon which has for some years been recognized by archaeologists would be more generally known and more easy of demonstration. This phenomenon is that the slow and painful advance of Greek art, from its first rude efforts, is interrupted at a certain stage by a foreign influence. When we examine that most interesting and varied collection of archaic objects, found by Messrs. Biliotti and Salzmänn in tombs at Camirus, and now exhibited in the British Museum, we find but very few, if any, traces of the peculiar pottery of which the neighboring city Ialysus has furnished so many specimens; on the fictile vases of Camirus we find zones

of lions and other animals, drawn with great spirit and combined with ornaments which, since the discoveries at Nimrud, we know to have been derived from an Assyrian source. Again, while we find numbers of terra-cotta figures of which the earliest are as rude as those of Mycenæ and Ialysus, and of which the series exhibits so many successive stages of progress towards a truer representation of the human figure, we have other terra-cotta figures which, though still retaining certain archaic characteristics, seem the product of a mature school of art; and these later figures, when compared with certain terra-cottas from tombs at Sidon and other places in Phœnicia, are found to be identical in type and to present only slight differences in style.*

When we turn to the gold ornaments of which Camirus has yielded a rich collection, we see in the earlier specimens figures embossed on plates of gold, which in their rudeness both of design and execution remind us of the work of the Mycænæan goldsmiths; but there are other specimens in which the art has made a decided advance, both in modelling and in technical skill; and in this later style we meet with earrings ornamented with winged lions very similar to those so familiar to us in Assyrian sculpture. The ornaments, too, both in gold and ivory, at Camirus are constantly reminding us of Assyrian prototypes. On the other hand, we find many objects which seem to connect these remains with Egypt, such as a silver bowl and a gold ring, scarabs, vases, and many other objects in Egyptian porcelain, some with hieroglyphics; and these hieroglyphics are, in some cases, so incorrectly rendered and so blundered as to prove that the artist by whom they were copied had no real knowledge of Egyptian writing.† If we pass from Rhodes to Cyprus, we find that there, too, the early art presents the same curious mixture of Assyrian and Egyptian types and subjects. In General Cesnola's most interesting work, on which we regret to be unable to bestow here more than a passing notice, several bowls in gold, silver, and bronze are engraved (see pp. 77, 114, 276, 316, 329, 337), and two more, found many years ago in Cyprus, are to be seen in the French museums at the Louvre, and the Bibliothèque Nationale.‡ Inside these bowls are designs, either engraved or embossed, rep-

* Longpérier, "*Musée Napoléon III.*," pl. xxiv. and xxvi.

† Longpérier, "*Musée Napoléon III.*," pl. xli.

‡ Ibid., pl. x., xi.

representing battle-scenes, in some of which a king takes a part, hunting-scenes, animals; the predominating style is rather Egyptian than Assyrian, but there is a strange mixture of symbols and ornaments from both sources. If we pass from the Greek islands to Italy, we find that silver bowls very similar to those of Cyprus in style and subject were found in the celebrated Regulini Galassi tomb at Cervetri, and also in more than one ancient site on the west coast of Italy; and if we go eastward we meet with the same curious mixture of Assyrian and Egyptian influences in the bronze bowls and inlaid ivories discovered by Mr. Layard at Nimrud.* Here, of course, the question presents itself, how can we account for these resemblances in style and subject in the metallic art of countries so wide apart as Nimrud and Cervetri, and at an age when commercial intercourse and navigation were as yet restricted within narrow limits? The answer to this question which has been generally accepted by archaeologists of late years is that it was the Phœnicians who in the course of their commerce brought this particular class of art to the markets of Greece and Italy, and that these engraved and embossed bowls, and probably most of the early jewellery such as we find at Camirus and Cervetri, were made by the artificers of Tyre, Sidon, and other Phœnician settlements. The correctness of this opinion has been strikingly confirmed by the recent discovery of a treasure at Palestrina, in which a bowl with pseudo-Egyptian hieroglyphics, and with an inscription in true Semitic characters, was associated with gold ornaments, which correspond in certain technical details with the jewellery of Camirus.

The examples which we here adduce are only a few links in a long chain of evidence, most of which will be found in a recent dissertation by Professor Helbig on the Palestrina treasure.† The number of instances in which Phœnician and Greek remains have been found intermixed on the same site points to a period when the rude untaught instincts of the Hellenic artist were stimulated and developed by the importation of foreign works, the product of a more advanced civilization, and it will be convenient for the present to designate this period as the

Græco-Phœnician. But what were its limits? We can hardly conceive it to extend downwards later than B.C. 560, when the Assyrian Empire and its art had been swept away by the fall of Nineveh; when Greek art had nearly freed itself from foreign influences and was developing a free, independent growth; when we begin to hear of celebrated Hellenic artists, some sculptors in marble, some excelling in the art of casting, embossing, and chasing works in metal; when the Doric and Ionic styles of architecture had reached a certain maturity, and sumptuous temples in marble were being built.

With regard to the limits of the Græco-Phœnician period upwards, all that we can positively assert is that, in the time of Homer — whenever that was — the Greeks received from Sidon, Tyre, and Cyprus certain works of art which they greatly prized, and which they thought worthy to be laid up in the treasuries of kings. Such were the silver *krater* which Achilles gave as an agonistic prize at the funeral of Patroclus, which, as the poet tells us, was made by the Sidonians and brought over the sea by the Phœnicians, and the cuirass of Agamemnon, inlaid with many metals, which was given him by Kinyres, the king of the Cyprian Paphos.

Homer, too, describes, in an often-cited passage, the traffic between Phœnician traders and the Greeks on the coast, when the crafty Orientals contrived to kidnap Greek women, luring them to the shore by the display of necklaces and other toys — *athyrmata*. Among such *athyrmata* may be reckoned the shells engraved with Assyrian subjects which have been found whole or in portions at Vulci in Etruria, at Camirus, at Nimrud, and at Bethlehem. The shells so engraved are known to naturalists as the *Tridachna squamosa*, and are found in the Red Sea and Indian Ocean, but not in the Mediterranean. It is to be presumed that, like other products from the more distant East, they were brought by Phœnician ships up the Red Sea, and thence to Greek or Etruscan marts. The ostrich eggs covered with subjects carved in relief in an Asiatic style, which were found with other Græco-Phœnician remains in the Polledrara grotto, near Vulci, are another example of *athyrmata* brought from a far country in the course of trade.*

* Layard, "Discoveries in Nineveh," p. 182; and "Monuments of Nineveh," 2nd series, pl. 57-58.

† "Cenni sopra l'arte Fenicia," in the *Annali of the Roman Institute*, 1876, pp. 197, 257. Longpérier, *Journal Asiatique*, 1855, p. 407.

* Micali, "Monum. Ined.," Firenze, 1844, pl. vii. Newton, "Guide to Bronze-Room in British Museum," 1871, p. 8, No. 5.

How early this Phœnician traffic in the eastern Mediterranean began, and whether on the coast of Italy Carthage had any share in it, are questions which we have as yet no certain means of determining. That Tyrians were already eminent in metallurgy and other arts as early as the time of Solomon, B.C. 1000, we know from the books of Kings and Chronicles, in which the varied talents of Hiram, the artist sent to decorate the temple at Jerusalem, are described in terms which would be applicable to the Samian Theodoros, that versatile genius to whom is ascribed so prominent a part in the development of Greek art some four centuries later.

When we compare the descriptions of works of art in Homer with those extant specimens which we have assigned to the Græco-Phœnician period, the correspondence is very striking. It is true that in the shield of Achilles the poet's imagination has evidently contributed some of the marvels of that famous composition; and, considering that this masterpiece was the work of the god Hephaistos, we could expect no less. But, allowing for a certain amount of poetic license in the description, we find both in the design of the shield and in the technical method of its execution much that reminds us of the Phœnician bowls, of the great shield found in the Regulini Galassi tomb at Cervetri, and of several other specimens of archaic metallurgy of the same period.* The same observation applies to the description of the shield of Herakles in Hesiod. Now when we compare the Mycenæan antiquities with the description of works of art and handicraft in the poems of Homer and Hesiod, we find that in all that may be considered products of the mere craftsman, such as swords, scabbards, sword-belts, or the domestic utensils, such as cups or cauldrons, the descriptions in Homer tally sufficiently with the objects found by Dr. Schliemann to make it probable that at the time when the Homeric poems were composed the fashion of such products of handicraft had not greatly changed; but the tombs of Mycenæ have produced no work of art at all comparable in design and execution to the battles and hunting-scenes which the Phœnician artists beat out in relief or engraved on bowls and other metallic surfaces. Still less do we find at Mycenæ any composition which at all reminds us

of Homer's shield. It is obvious that artists so ignorant of the human figure as the Mycenæan goldsmiths would have been incapable of producing compositions with a sustained dramatic interest, such as the description of the Homeric shield implies, and of which the designs of the Phœnician bowls already referred to seem to contain the germ.

We therefore do not hesitate to state our opinion that, viewed in relation to the descriptions in Homer, the art of Mycenæ seems of a præ-Homeric period; viewed again in relation to the best extant works of the Græco-Phœnician period, this Mycenæan art is certainly very much ruder and earlier in style, whatever may be its date. We cannot but believe that the masterpieces of those Sidonian artists whom Homer calls *πολυδαίδαλοι* must have been very superior to what seems to us for the most part the uncouth product of a race destined ultimately to assimilate and to improve the arts and inventions of the Phœnicians and older races, but who had not yet entered into this rich inheritance. In the dim twilight of the mythic past the names of Cadmus and Dædalus stand out conspicuously. The first of these names marks the period when the Greeks adopted alphabetic writing from the Phœnicians; the name of Dædalus, on the other hand, expresses the change from the rude, shapeless idol to a truer and more lively representation of the human form—a change wrought, as we conceive, by the quickening influence of foreign schools of art acting on the Greeks through the medium of the Phœnicians. Thus, as we may call the period before the use of writing among the Greeks the præ-Cadmean period, so the period before this quickening influence transformed their rude efforts into a distinct style of art may be called the præ-Dædalian period. In our judgment, the antiquities of Mycenæ belong to this præ-Dædalian period, with the exception of some three or four objects, which appear to us to have been imported from some country in a more advanced stage of civilization. That country may have been Egypt, but the carriers were probably Phœnicians.

It will be seen from the foregoing remarks that, in calling the antiquities from Mycenæ præ-Dædalian and præ-Homeric, we incline to the belief that they are of a very high antiquity. Dædalus is so entirely a legendary personage, that we can only offer vague guesses as to the period which his name represents; but the age of the Homeric poems, however much con-

* Massimi, "Mus. Gregor." i., pll. xviii., xix., xx. Millingen, "Anc. Uned. Mon.," ii., pl. xiv. Newton, "Guide to Bronze-Room in British Museum," 1871, p. 34.

tested by ancient and modern chronologists, can hardly be later than the age assigned to them by Herodotus — namely, about four centuries before his own time, or B.C. 850. If, then, the Mycenæan antiquities are præ-Homeric, they must be regarded as earlier than the middle of the ninth century before our era. We have already set forth the general grounds for such an opinion, as deduced from a comparison of the Mycenæan treasure with other extant examples of archaic art. In further support of such a view, it may be here noted that, on a well-known mural picture in a tomb at Thebes, tributaries of the Egyptian king Thothmes III., believed to be Cyprians or Phœnicians, are bringing vases and other offerings, one of which is in the form of an ox's head very closely resembling the silver ox's head of the Mycenæan treasure, while other figures bear cups, which have a strong family likeness to those found by Dr. Schliemann.* According to Egyptologists, the date of Thothmes III. falls somewhere between B.C. 1400 and 1500 at the latest.

We have already pointed out that the close resemblance between the antiquities of Ialysus and those of Mycenæ makes it probable that we ought not to separate one series from the other by any long interval of time; and here we must call attention to the fact that in one of the tombs at Ialysus was found another Egyptian relic of remote antiquity — a porcelain scarab with the cartouche of King Amenoph III., whose date, according to the authorities on Egyptian chronology, is not later than B.C. 1400. Of course, neither this discovery nor the resemblance between the Mycenæan ox's head and cups to similar objects depicted in the tomb at Thebes are conclusive as to the date of the respective tombs in which they were found; for a sepulchral deposit cannot, of course, be older than the most modern objects it contains, and the Mycenæan cups and Ialysian scarab may be somewhat older than the other objects found with them; but we hardly think it likely that this possible greater antiquity would exceed three centuries. We should thus arrive at the eleventh century B.C. as an approximate date for the antiquities of Mycenæ and Ialysus.

We have now endeavored to answer the question, What can be inferred as to the age and origin of the antiquities found on the Akropolis at Mycenæ by the study of the antiquities themselves? From a com-

parison with extant remains found on other ancient sites, we are led to infer that the contents of the Mycenæan tombs belong to the most remote period to which we can venture to ascribe any Greek antiquities as yet known to us, and the reasoning which has conducted us to this conclusion would, we conceive, seem equally valid to any one trained in archaeological research, whether these antiquities had been found by Dr. Schliemann at Mycenæ or on any other Greek site, not so marked out by tradition and extant monuments as the seat of a great monarchy in præ-Homeric times. On the other hand, it is not possible in the discussion on the discoveries at Mycenæ to divest the mind of the associations which the very name of this site calls forth, and thus we are brought back to the question to which we have already briefly adverted in the earlier part of this article. Have those singular monuments, the so-called treasuries, and the Lions' gateway, that direct connection with the dynasty of the Atreidæ which local tradition in the time of Pausanias ascribed to them? Are they, as most archæologists believe, almost the sole surviving specimens of the architecture of the heroic age, an architecture which has passed away like the fauna of that remote period to which geologists assign the mastodon and megatherium; or are they, as ultra-sceptics have maintained, simply masses of ancient masonry of uncertified date and origin? Henceforth, it is obvious, the discussion of this question cannot be separated from that of another question, What is the age of the antiquities discovered by Dr. Schliemann in the Akropolis at Mycenæ? Was this immense treasure deposited at a time when Mycenæ still merited the epithet "much-golden," which Homer bestows on it? Were the bodies with which it was found those of royal personages of the line of Pelops, or of some unknown *fortes ante Agamemnona* or *post Agamemnona*?

At this stage of the enquiry we would state certain propositions which, we think, may be fairly assumed as postulates in all future discussions of the problem: —

1. There was a powerful Achæan dynasty at Mycenæ which in mythic tradition is represented by the three successive names, Atreus, Thyestes, Agamemnon, and which at some time was dominant in Argolis, and perhaps over much more of the Peloponnese.

2. This Achæan dynasty lost its ascendancy after the revolution commonly called the Return of the Herakleidæ, when

* Hoskins, "Travels in Ethiopia," pll. 46-9.

the Dórians established themselves as the ruling race in Argos and other parts of the Peloponnese, and of which revolution the date is B.C. 1104 according to one ancient authority, or B.C. 1048 according to another.

3. The buildings which Pausanias calls treasuries and the Lions' Gate at Mycenæ were erected during the period of Achæan supremacy in Argolis.

4. From the amount of treasure which the tombs discovered by Dr. Schliemann contained it may be fairly inferred that they were royal tombs.

5. As we have no record, legendary or historical, of any kings reigning at Mycenæ after the termination of the Achæan dynasty, it is to be presumed that the tombs in the Akropolis are not later than that dynasty.

But admitting these premises, have we any reasonable ground for supposing that the tombs found by Dr. Schliemann are those which Pausanias believed to contain the remains of Agamemnon and his companions? It may be well here to cite the exact words of that author: * "In the ruins of Mycenæ are the fountain called Perseia, and the subterranean buildings of Atreus and his children, in which they stored their treasure. The tomb of Atreus is there, and also the tomb of Agamemnon and such of his companions as Ægisthus slew at a banquet on their return from Troy. The identity, indeed, of the tomb of Cassandra is called in question by the Lakonians of Amyclæ, but one of the tombs is that of Agamemnon, another of his charioteer Eurymedon. Teledamus and Pelops, who are said to have been twin children of Cassandra, and to have been slain while yet infants with their parents by Ægisthus, are both in the same tomb, and there is the tomb of Electra, for Orestes gave her in marriage to Py-lades, and, according to Hellanicus, Medon and Strophios were the issue of this union. *But Clytemnestra and Ægisthus were buried at a little distance from the fortress*, being thought unworthy to be buried within it where Agamemnon and those slain with him were interred." We quite accept in this passage Dr. Schliemann's interpretation of the word *τειχος*, by which he understands the fortress on the Akropolis, not, as former authorities have maintained, the wall round the lower city; and it must be acknowledged that the text of Pausanias thus interpreted presents a most curious coincidence with the recent

discoveries. His statement would lead us to expect that royal tombs might be found within the Akropolis; search has been made, and tombs containing a treasure worthy of the ruler of Mycenæ "the golden" have been found. The coincidence seems almost too perfect to be true! What its real value is as evidence in the question before us will be, it is easy to predict, hotly contested. It will be urged that the passage which we have cited from Pausanias was written more than twelve centuries after the reputed date of the death of Agamemnon; that his statement about the tombs rests apparently on no other authority than the local tradition current in Argolis when he visited Mycenæ, and that on the same loose authority of local tradition, elsewhere in Greece, he points out in the course of his work the tombs of many other personages of the heroic age, some of whom are manifestly mere mythical figments. Nor can we blame Pausanias for recording these local traditions, which could only have been tested by an operation as repugnant to the feelings of that pious traveller as it would have been to those of his contemporaries who claimed for their cities the distinction of possessing the tombs of ancestral heroes, sacred in their eyes as the shrines of saints still are in Christendom. Though in the second century of the Christian era tomb-burglary was not unknown, no archaeologist would have been permitted by the Greeks to violate the tombs of their ancestors for the sake of satisfying historic doubts, which they themselves did not entertain, and which they would have indignantly repudiated.

Again, it may be said that the legends about the death of Agamemnon, like some of the incidents of his life, are contradictory. According to Pindar it was at Amyclæ in Lakonia, and not at Mycenæ, that he was slain, and Pausanias himself admits that the Amyclæans, Mycenæan tradition notwithstanding, maintained that Cassandra was buried in their city, and showed what they considered to be the tomb of Agamemnon.* It will be said too that to talk of Agamemnon as an historical personage is merely begging the question, but that, even if we admit the possibility that a king of that name did return from Troy and was treacherously slain in the manner related by Homer and the tragedians, how can we be sure that the tombs discovered by Dr. Schliemann are those meant by

* Pausan. ii. 16, 6; iii. 19, 6. In the latter passage the integrity of the text has been doubted by recent editors, but, as it appears to us, on no good grounds.

* Pausan. ii. 16, 6.

Pausanias? It is obvious that nothing short of a thorough exploration of the Akropolis can give a satisfactory answer to this question, and, while this article is still in the press, comes news from Athens announcing that Mr. Stamatakis, who has been appointed by the Greek government to continue the excavations at Mycenæ, has already found there another tomb containing gold.*

We should not here omit to mention that in the course of Dr. Schliemann's operations at Mycenæ, one of the five subterranean chambers, called treasuries by Pausanias, was excavated by Madame Schliemann, who, here as at Hissarlik, proved herself the intelligent and devoted partner in her husband's toils. In the course of further exploration something more may yet be found to throw light on the question what was the purpose of these vast subterranean chambers. Pausanias calls these buildings and the similar one at Orchomenos, treasuries; in both cases probably accepting the local tradition current in his time with his usual unquestioning faith. But we venture to assert that, if Pausanias had not given this name to these chambers, it would never have occurred to archaeologists to call them treasuries. It seems inconceivable that Atreus and his successors would have placed their treasure in the city below, when they could have stored it in such an impregnable stronghold as the Akropolis; why too should they build five separate treasuries, and scatter them about the city, when, if placed close together in a row, they could have been much more easily guarded? Moreover the peculiar Egyptian vaulting of these buildings, the long passage leading up to them, and the smaller inner chamber in the largest of them, all remind us of a class of tomb which was probably much more common in Greece in the kingly period than in the later republican times, and of which we find the type surviving in the Græco-Scythic royal tomb, called the Koul Oba, near Kertsch, and in certain parts of Asia Minor.† We agree then with Mure and E. Curtius in considering the treasuries at Mycenæ tombs of the Achæan dynasty which reigned there. Such a supposition seems at first sight at variance with the theory that the tombs in the Akropolis are also royal sepulchres; but we may reconcile both views, if we assume that such vast

masses of masonry as the so-called treasury of Atreus were constructed when the dynasty had that wide-extended sway "over all Argos and many islands," which would have enabled the ruling despot to command the large amount of labor required for the building of such a tomb, and when the lower city of Mycenæ was well guarded from any invasion. There may have been an after period when the mighty kingdom of the Atreidæ had shrunk to much narrower limits, and when the "labor of an age in piled stones" was no longer attainable to perpetuate the memory of the dead, and to protect their remains. In this later period the Akropolis would undoubtedly be the safest place for tombs containing so much treasure. Dr. Schliemann suggests that the circular enclosure round the tombs on the Akropolis may mark the limits of the *Agora*. This may be so, though we should rather have expected to find the *Agora* in the lower city. Ancient tombs are constantly surrounded with a *peribolos*, and though such an *enceinte* is generally a parallelogram, the circular form may have been adopted at Mycenæ, because the part of the Akropolis where the tombs are may have been already crowded with the buildings of which the foundations are shown on Dr. Schliemann's plan. Possibly, we may have in this circular enclosure the primitive form of the *prytaneum*, which in later Greek times was usually a round building with the altar of Hestia in the centre.* In the foundations to the south of the circular enclosure, a number of very archaic objects were found, which we have no space to notice here. Dr. Schliemann thinks that these foundations indicate the site of a royal palace. The position of such a palace close to the wall and principal gate of the Akropolis reminds us of the palace at Khorsabad, planted in a gap in the wall of the Assyrian city. If the palace of the Atreidæ was a superstructure of wood built on these foundations, as Dr. Schliemann supposes, the circular enclosure would be the most appropriate place of meeting for the elders, whom we may suppose to have been summoned by the king to his council.

Here we must close our notice of the discoveries at Mycenæ, and before we leave the Akropolis let us cast one upward glance at those gaunt lions who have kept watch over the massive gateway for thirty or more centuries. When last we saw

* See the Greek newspaper *Palingenesia*, Nov. 24, 1877.

† Newton, "History of Discoveries," ii., pp. 202, 427, 433, 531-33.

* K. F. Hermann, "*Privatalterthümer*," 1870, § 13, 11. Pyl., "*Die griech. Rundbauten*," p. 38. The temple of Vesta at Rome was also round.

them lit up by the slanting rays of the western sun, we thought how admirably their proportions were designed for the place they occupy; how well that rough, uncouth treatment of the anatomy harmonizes with the rugged masonry round. Headless as they are, they are in our eyes a higher effort of art than all the golden treasures of the tombs within. Was it a Cyclops imported from Lycia who carved these strange animals for Perseus, or did the Tantalid Pelops bring from his Lydian fatherland some tradition of Asiatic art to the peninsula which still, in this nineteenth century, bears his name? These and many other questions suggested by the discoveries of Dr. Schliemann must be postponed till the excavation of certain ancient sites in Asia Minor has told us more of Lydian, and, perhaps, of Phrygian art. The solution of the problem with which we have been endeavoring to grapple will, perhaps, be found when the tombs of the Lydian kings near Sardis and the tumuli in the Troad have been properly explored.

ERICA.*

TRANSLATED FOR THE LIVING AGE FROM THE GERMAN OF

FRAU VON INGERSLEBEN.

XXIX.

(continued.)

THE physician's prescription of a change of air seemed to the countess the best possible pretext for sending Sidonie away, in order to thus unravel the tangled condition of affairs. One visit from the prince had already been declined, and the next time he came she had permitted Sidonie to remain in her own room, but this could not continue without attracting general attention. Besides, the prince was so perfectly unembarrassed, so evidently unconscious of the meaning of the delicate allusions by which the countess sought to investigate the affair, that the latter, confused and perplexed, at last did not know what to make of the matter herself.

As her anxiety about her husband rendered it impossible for her to travel with Sidonie herself, she constantly endeavored to find some suitable pretext for sending her away from Dorneck. Unfortunately, this could not be found immediately; sev-

eral plans were relinquished, various arrangements broken up, and the countess herself became annoyed and irritated by her want of success.

Mysterious circumstances were utterly abhorrent to her clear, precise mind, and now, when both her husband and the young girl who was so near her heart stood before her like impenetrable enigmas, this incomprehensible something that surrounded them seemed doubly threatening and terrible. She constantly strove to solve the riddle, and thus lost a portion of her customary self-control, thereby in her turn becoming an enigma to those around her.

Life in Dorneck, which had hitherto flowed so calmly and peacefully, appeared to have reached a turning-point. Every member of the household felt oppressed, perplexed, involuntarily experienced a certain fear of what the future might bring, and yet no one could exactly tell what caused this perplexity, or what he really dreaded.

"Why are we all so dispirited, like a hound, which after hunting to suit himself, now expects his punishment?" asked Fritz one morning, as he strolled through the park with Erica. "What *has* happened, or what *is* to happen, that we are so anxious and uneasy, for there must be some cause for this universal discomfort?"

"I think I had good reason to turn pale with terror, when I saw Wehlen," replied Erica. "I am sure that he is the real cause of everything."

"But what in heaven's name has he done? If the devil, as the old saying goes, has laid an egg in the house, we can at least see and touch it."

"That is just the peculiarity about the devil's egg, Fritz. It can neither be seen nor touched, but all the more bitterly felt."

"Oh, nonsense! an evil that hovers invisible in the air I shall let stay there, and trouble myself no more about it. But, for instance, I can tell you plainly enough how the devil's egg appears to poor Olga."

"Well, I am curious to hear. She was very angry with me yesterday, when I told her she looked almost as pale as Sidonie."

"Wehlen, as you know, now goes to Bonn nearly every afternoon, and of course is always with the officers, who probably don't spend their time so much in telling stories as in drinking and gambling. Wehlen is a tolerably good leader in both, and either because he thinks it a merit, or from some other motive, constantly informs Olga of Generode's heroic deeds in

this department. I don't exactly understand Rüdiger's conduct, for though he never had an actual horror of such things, he was far from being disposed to any undue indulgence in them. Probably Wehlen has bewitched him, as well as papa, for he gives him constant opportunities to relate something to Olga. Moreover, the latter doesn't do this in any tone of censure, but in a very eulogistic, delighted manner, as if such things cast a sort of halo around a young man. Olga almost cries her eyes out in private, for now of course there is not the slightest prospect of conquering mamma's opposition, since she has always expressed doubts of Generode's strength of character."

"You ought to speak to the young count yourself, Fritz; and though I am sure that almost the whole story is based on Wehlen's slanders, he ought to avoid every occasion for them, and no longer have any intercourse with him."

"Do you suppose I have not done so? But what do you think Rüdiger answered? 'Don't be anxious, Fritz,' he said, laughing; 'this time I must exclaim with Prince Henry, "Yet herein will I imitate the sun, who doth permit the base, contagious clouds to smother up his beauty from the world." I can't help it, Fritz,' he added gravely, 'and I hope, if Olga loves me, she will also trust me, however base, contagious clouds may dim and smother me.'"

"That seems to show a little levity on Generode's part," said Erica disapprovingly. "I am sorry for poor Olga."

The two companions now heard the sound of the dinner-bell, and therefore abruptly broke off their conversation and hastened their steps to reach the house in time. The meal passed in the same uncomfortable manner which now seemed to be the order of the day. The conversation was far from fluent, interrupted by long pauses and evidently forced; and, contrary to the usual etiquette, Count Rodenwald did not wait for his wife to give the signal to leave the table, but pushed his chair back before the dessert was over, nodded to the company, and went to his own room.

Every eye was fixed upon the countess, and it required all her self-control to maintain her usual bearing, at least before the servants. She spoke a few words in relation to important business to Werner, who instantly entered into it, and then skillfully turned the conversation to indifferent subjects. But another source of excitement was still in store, for the doors of the dining-room were suddenly thrown open, and

Generode's groom, his clothes covered with dust, entered. The countess's eyes turned towards the intruder with a stern, questioning glance, and an equally stern reproof was hovering on her lips, but when she saw Olga's deathlike pallor, her face softened, and she would undoubtedly have spoken more gently if she had had time to do so.

The groom, however, hastily approached, and standing stiffly before her, said, in the tone of a military report, "Orders from the Herr Lieutenant, Count Generode, to deliver this letter instantly into Herr Werner's hands, wherever I find him."

"To me?" asked Werner in astonishment, as he took the note from the groom. "Pardon the man, countess, for his over-zealous execution of his master's commands. Count Generode could not possibly have expected him to perform them in this way."

"Read the letter!" said the countess anxiously, as she rose from the table. Werner went to the window to break the seal, while the others lingered in the dining-room in eager expectation; and the countess involuntarily grasped Sidonie's hand and drew her into another window, from which she watched Werner, as if deeply interested in the contents of his letter, and when the latter finished reading it, and seemed to be reflecting a moment, she beckoned to him.

"Well, what is it?" she asked hastily. "Was the news very important?"

Werner looked thoughtfully at her. "It depends upon the way one understands it, countess. Here is the letter."

The lady's hand trembled as she took the sheet of paper, but she was by no means prepared for its contents; for she had scarcely read a few lines, when she exclaimed in surprise, "What is this, Werner — are you threatened?" She did not await the reply, however, but carefully read the note. It contained the following lines: —

"Your expectation has been rapidly fulfilled, my dear Werner; they will seek to make you harmless under any circumstances. Unfortunately for you, it has been discovered that you are not Werner, but the political fugitive, Oswald von Tondern, who, aside from his past life, has sent from his concealment the most horrible documents into the world. Unhappily you cannot deny that you, like him, are exactly five feet ten inches high, that you also have dark eyes and whiskers, so you can do no better than escape arrest

by immediate flight, since, under all the circumstances, you will doubtless wish to avoid any scene.

"The gendarmes are to start for Dorneck this afternoon, so you will have just time enough to get out of their way. I would have come to give you the information myself, if this troublesome service did not prevent me; but by the threat of instant dismissal, I have impressed it on the mind of my not-over-bright servant that he must hand you the letter at once. Meantime we will act for you, and the whole farce may recoil upon its originator. "He is much more cunning than we supposed, and though your suspicion is undoubtedly well-founded, we have not yet been able to catch him. Well, he is at least withdrawn from Dorneck for the present, and that is a gain. Farewell! Hasten your flight, or we shall have the pleasure of seeing you enter Bonn between two gendarmes. GENERODE."

For a few moments after reading the letter, the countess also seemed absorbed in thought, then she asked the young man, who was still standing before her, —

"What will you do, Werner?"

"Set out as soon as possible, countess. The prospect of such an entry into Bonn has little charm for me."

"But have you really anything to fear?" she asked again, casting a penetrating glance at him.

"Do you think so, countess?" was his only reply, as he fixed his eyes upon the lady's face with the same earnest, inquiring gaze.

The countess did not answer immediately; she cast down her eyes, but soon fixed them upon him again, and said almost cordially, "No, my dear Werner, for I do not believe you capable either of such unworthy deception or fanatic folly."

A slight tinge of color suffused Werner's cheeks and brow, as he somewhat hastily answered, "I must take that fugitive's part a little, madame; for a deception which necessity compelled may deserve a milder judgment. True, I cannot plead for his fanaticism, which is always mysterious, but I must confess that my friends often call me an enthusiast."

The countess's keen eyes rested steadily on the young man, as she replied, with a calm smile, —

"Your friends are wrong in doing so, my dear Werner. If the effort to unite practical and ideal life more closely than is the case with the world in general, can be called enthusiasm, you are certainly

very guilty, but if a correct appreciation of intellectual limits, the constant perception of antagonistic interests, the quick grasp of the best means to an end, distinguish the man who steadily follows a high purpose, you ought not to laugh at the name bestowed upon you. Nay, more," she continued in a half jesting tone, "your reason holds the reins so firmly that I will even say a good word for you: on the *one* point where men easily become enthusiasts. You will never love a girl whom you cannot also esteem, never woo one whose position is unlike your own. You will always strive for what is attainable, but will place the goal high enough to be forced to strain all your energies to reach it."

Werner could not help glancing at Sidonie, who was still standing beside her aunt. She had been a mute witness of the whole interview, and though she possessed too much control over her features to betray too deep an interest in it, her changing color plainly showed her emotion. Now the rising blood crimsoned face and neck, but instantly receded again, making her pallor still more striking. Werner soon averted his eyes and fixed them on the countess, whose hand he raised to his lips.

"Thanks for your favorable opinion," he said warmly. "I will try to deserve it. You thoroughly understand character, and therefore are not misled by individual traits. Whatever you may hear of me in future, however different may be the light in which I appear, I have the firm hope that you will always retain the same kind feelings towards me, because you will never lose sight of the whole affair, and with it my vindication."

"Let us part now, my dear Werner," said the countess as she extended her hand in farewell. "If your flight is necessary, you ought to delay no longer."

"If I could be of use in Dorneck, no consideration of any kind would induce me to leave it. But unfortunately I can do no more, so I will bid you farewell, countess, and beg you to keep a friendly recollection of me."

He once more raised her hand to his lips, and then turned to Sidonie, who was gazing out of the window.

"Farewell to you also, countess," he said gently, "may the thought of me not form too dark a spot on your memory."

He involuntarily held out his hand; slowly, but without hesitation, she placed hers in it. The icy coldness of this little hand, which seemed utterly lifeless, startled him; he cast a quick, anxious glance

at her face, whose rigid features were wearily striving to maintain the mask of indifference, and for a moment he himself lost his composure. But the next instant he raised Sidonie's hand to his lips, hastily bowed to the ladies, and hurried out of the room.

As soon as Fritz heard the cause of the bustle, he instantly went to Werner and accompanied him down to the Rhine, nay, even took a seat in the boat that conveyed him to the opposite shore. When he returned, he met Sidonie and Erica in the park, and as he saw the former's eyes fixed upon him with an expression of anxious inquiry, although she did not utter a syllable, he instantly exclaimed,—

"Well, Werner is safely off. The gendarmes, whom I saw riding up the road, will only find him missing."

Sidonie made no reply, but released Erica's arm, nodded a farewell, and turned into one of the other paths.

"Do you know, Erica," said Fritz, when they were alone, "I am firmly convinced that Werner is really that Oswald von Tendern."

Erica stopped, and asked in alarm, "What put that into your head, why do you think so?"

"In the first place, all his property was packed up as if he must be prepared to take to flight at any moment. Then, as if by magic, the boatman was in the skiff the instant we needed him, and we had scarcely reached the other shore, when some people met us and hastily led Werner to a spot where horses were standing ready saddled and bridled. So his flight was prepared beforehand, and Generode's note merely hurried it a little. Then, too, the meeting with Ottomar and Elmar was rather strange, at least they had certain things to say to each other that no one else was allowed to hear."

"At any rate not you, Fritz!" replied Erica laughing. "You won't wish to make Ottomar and Elmar high traitors next, I hope?"

"That Oswald won't fare so badly either, who knows how the affair is mixed up, for one thing is certain, Elmar has a hand in the game too."

Erica turned hastily towards the speaker, exclaiming,—

"What do you know about Elmar?"

"The very latest thing of all, Erica. I've just seen him myself, with my own eyes."

Erica stood perfectly still, gazing fixedly at her companion; the latter, however, was too deeply occupied with his own

thoughts about the problem before him, to be able to answer in his usual mischievous manner.

"I saw him plainly enough," he continued eagerly, "in a post-chaise, drawn by four horses, dashing along the road towards Bonn. As soon as he recognized us, he stopped, alighted, and rushed towards us. 'This is what I call a wonderful piece of good luck, Werner,' he exclaimed, 'for I really thought the day would pass without your coming.'"

"I am really making my escape, Elmar," replied Werner, "they say I am the political fugitive, Tendern."

"So that was the dog's game," cried Elmar, laughing. "Well, let us make haste that we may thwart it."

"Where are you going?" asked Werner.

"I have now become an antiquarian, and am rummaging all the old archives in search of interesting manuscripts. I have been told of the collection at Bonn, though I have no idea how much it will help me, but, as you see, my longing to discover is so great that I am travelling there by extra post. Now, however, I think my best plan will be to turn and go back with you. People won't look for a fugitive in an open post-chaise, so get in, quick."

"You are making a great sacrifice for me, Elmar," said Werner, hesitating.

"Of course. I hoped to be able to spend the evening at Dorneck, and I fear the expectation was the only thing that made the archives of Bonn interesting. But when one has once entered into an affair, he must carry it out; so let us waste no more words, get in."

"Both really entered the chaise, which turned round and dashed off in the opposite direction, and I stood alone looking after them."

"And did they say nothing more to you, Fritz? Nothing—"

"Nothing more, Erica. Not a word! Elmar only told me, by way of a friendly farewell, that if I uttered a syllable to betray his presence here, I might be prepared for all sorts of terrible consequences."

"This is very strange, Fritz," said Erica thoughtfully, and both, absorbed in their own reflections, walked backed to the castle almost in silence.

XXX.

PLANS.

A BRIGHT afternoon had tempted all the family to assemble on the stone balcony overlooking the Rhine, and it seemed

as if the radiant sunlight and beautiful scenery were asserting their power, and rendering all more happy and unconstrained than they had been for many days. Large and small boats glided along the river, ships of all sizes passed by and formed a gay, animated scene. The atmosphere reminded one of autumn, for it was so pure and clear that the eyes could wander far into the country beyond the opposite shore, and perceive the busy, ceaseless activity of men.

Fritz, moreover, had provided himself with a spy-glass, and was attentively watching distant objects, now and then informing the company of his discoveries, especially when he recognized an acquaintance, and he now eagerly exclaimed,—

"There goes Generode's young bay! The quartermaster must look out if he wants to keep in the saddle. Ah! he just shied again, and leaped half way across the road."

Olga, who had involuntarily attempted to take the spy-glass, let her hand fall. The quartermaster did not interest her sufficiently to expose herself to a reproof from the countess. Besides, the latter seemed unpleasantly affected by her son's words, for she frowned, and said sharply,—

"Young men make themselves quite too comfortable nowadays. The owner would do better to ride his horse himself; independent of all other considerations, he would save the money he pays the trainer."

"It doesn't cost much," replied Fritz good-naturedly. "He would ride his breeches almost through for a few thalers."

"Fritz!" cried all the young ladies in horror.

"Why, what have I said?" asked the lad, somewhat confused.

"It seems, my dear Fritz," said the countess, "that you have not yet passed —"

"The days of clownishness, mamma," Fritz politely suggested.

"Very well, we will say the time of sowing wild oats."

"So one mustn't talk about articles of clothing. Very well, I'll take note of that," observed Fritz penitently, but the glance he cast at Erica expressed so little contrition, that it almost seemed as if the whole affair had been one of his mischievous tricks. There come several boats with gentlemen from Bonn," he exclaimed. "They are probably making an excursion together. There's Prince Eduard! Ah, he has recognized us, and ordered his boat to turn this way; he is leaving the rest of the party to take ad-

vantage of this opportunity of offering his homage to Queen Sidonie."

Sidonie slowly rose, pleaded the necessity of writing a letter, and walked through the pavilion into the park.

"Why, what does this mean?" asked Fritz in surprise; "the prince is really coming here, the boat is close to the landing-place."

The countess took no notice of the question, and received the young man in a cordial, unembarrassed manner. After addressing a few words to the mistress of the house, his eyes wandered over the group of young ladies. "Did I not see Countess Sidonie on the balcony just now?" he asked in surprise.

"You were not mistaken, prince," replied the countess quietly, "Sidonie went away a short time ago to write some important letters."

The prince bit his lips; the young lady's intentional avoidance of him seemed perfectly apparent. He hesitated for a moment what course to pursue, and, if it had been possible to do so without making his motive too apparent, would have preferred to go away at once, but he forced himself to remain and also to talk, though, in spite of his exertions, his annoyance was plainly visible.

The countess, on the contrary, conversed as frankly and readily as if she had not the slightest suspicion of the conflict in the heart of her young guest, and her composure gradually exerted a favorable influence upon him; Sidonie's departure began once more to appear a mere accident, which was unpleasant, but not offensive. His face gradually brightened, his words grew more animated, and although he often cast eager glances towards the park to see if Sidonie had appeared, his mood was evidently far more cheerful.

This change was both welcome and unwelcome to the countess, since his visit was thus prolonged, and Sidonie's continued absence could not fail to appear very strange. Tea was also served without the presence of the young lady or the master of the house, who chanced to be absent in Bonn. The prince's cheerful spirits gradually disappeared, and when he took leave of the countess, he bent towards her, and said in a tone that revealed deeply wounded feelings,—

"When one is punished, it is usually for some crime, but I am conscious of no fault that could deserve such chastisement."

"Have a little patience, my dear prince," answered the countess gently, "even mis-

understandings are explained by time. So let us wait, and hope for the best."

When the guest had gone, the countess asked whether her husband had returned from Bonn, and on receiving an answer in the affirmative, went to his room. He was sitting at his desk rummaging among his papers, but when at the sound of the opening door he turned and perceived his wife, he thrust them hastily into a drawer, and asked in no very pleasant tone,—

"What do you want, Vally?"

"I am sorry if I disturb you, my dear Edwin," said the countess, in her usual quiet manner, "but I cannot help it, for I must discuss matters which —"

"What sort of things?" hastily interrupted the count. "What has happened that you alarm me so?"

"I don't think you need be alarmed about the matter, at least it does not seem so to me. It concerns Sidonie and Erica."

"Sidonie and Erica," said the count, stretching himself with a careless, lazy air, "well, go on, Vally. What is the matter with them?" and he rose from his seat to throw himself into one of the most comfortable chairs, while his wife took her place opposite to him.

"You have doubtless observed that Sidonie's appearance and manner are very much changed."

"To tell the truth, I have not noticed it much, but I heard all sorts of things to-day in Bonn. They say that there is a breach with the prince. What has got into her head that she is so coy?"

The countess's face darkened, and she said in a tone of ill-repressed vexation, "It is incomprehensible to me how the news of this state of affairs has already reached Bonn."

"Ah! my dear Vally, you don't understand the ways of a garrison town, it is a worse place for gossip than an old woman's tea-table; as a general thing, they know to-day the thoughts you will have to-morrow. But what of Sidonie?"

"Some misunderstanding seems to have occurred; Sidonie refuses to give me her confidence, so I know of no other way than to remove her from this place for a time. I hoped to be able to make arrangements for her departure before the prince suspected its real motive, but unfortunately the events of this afternoon baffled my expectations. Now there is nothing left for me to do except to speak frankly to him, and console him with hopes of the future, which, I trust, will not be too difficult for me, as he is probably tolerably convinced of Sidonie's love."

"Then he would be a fool, for what man can boast of understanding a woman, or being able to rely on her love?"

An expression of bitter suffering flitted over the countess's features. "I think you have always been able to rely on me and my love, Edwin," she answered gently.

"Of course, Vally. I was not thinking about you, you are an exception to the rule. But where is Sidonie to go?"

"To Altenborn"—the countess's composure was not yet sufficient to permit her to make a longer reply.

"To Altenborn? But she and Katharina are like cats and dogs."

"Perhaps that will cause a wholesome diversion of her thoughts," replied the countess with a faint smile. "Besides, she does not go alone, Erica will accompany her."

"Erica? But so far as I know, she has always strenuously resisted going to Katharina; how does she happen to make this resolution now?"

"She knows nothing at all about the plan yet, as I wished first to discuss it with you. She is not to go to Katharina, but to her grandmamma, who occupies an entirely different part of the castle. Old Countess Ingolstein has told the latter so much about Erica's fresh, lovable nature, that she earnestly begs me to let her come to her."

"If there isn't another matrimonial project in your head, I don't understand anything about the affair. Old Baroness von Altenborn is a strange companion for that fresh, bright young girl."

The countess cast down her eyes a moment, then looked at her husband and said smiling: "Your penetration does not deceive you, Edwin; it is really consideration for Erica's future that induces me to assent to grandmamma's proposal."

"Well, then, we are on the right track, Vally. So grandmamma has a rich young gentleman in the neighborhood ready to be hooked."

"Your foresight is not quite correct this time; the husband in question is no other than the young master of the house himself."

"What, Elmar? But so far as I understand, Katharina insisted upon having Erica for a companion because Elmar did not care for her."

"Katharina, like a fool, has allowed the opinion once formed to lead her astray. He may not have been interested in her during his stay in Waldbad, for Erica was then almost a child, but it is quite another

matter now, and if Katharina does not notice the change, she only proves her want of penetration or persistent obstinacy."

"True, she described Erica so strangely, that I was utterly astonished to find her a pretty, agreeable girl."

"The strange surroundings among which she grew up have rendered her somewhat unlike other people, given her a certain peculiarity of manner that may well arouse interest. I don't know whether Elmar's affection for her is very deep, but I am sure that frequent intercourse will strengthen the feeling to one of ardent love. He is rich enough himself not to need a wealthy wife, and all these considerations would have induced me to yield to Katharina's entreaties if her own character had not given cause for hesitation. Although Erica possesses a firm, independent nature, I should not venture to place her with a woman who hovers on the verge of insanity."

The count sprang from his comfortable attitude. "Do me the favor, Vally, not to startle me in this way. I have sometimes said Katharina's head was a little turned, but you are expressing it rather too strongly."

"It is not my habit to use too vivid colors," said the countess quietly, "and I will be responsible for what I say. I have already spoken to Elmar, nay, have even warned Katharina herself of the abyss towards which she is constantly moving."

"You are always wiser than the rest of us, Vally," said the count, leaning back in his former comfortable attitude, "and therefore act differently, and doubtless more sensibly. For instance, I don't quite see how a person can be cautioned against insanity, any more than cholera or nervous fever."

"Even that might be done, if the person's mode of life must infallibly lead to those diseases. In mental afflictions, however, far more than bodily, there is almost always a participation in guilt, and the cases where purely external causes produce aberration of the mind are largely in the minority. Here Katharina's yielding to the most unrestrained, unbridled desires, her reckless pursuit of every passing fancy, leads her continually on in the downward path, where want of inclination passes into lack of ability. The measureless egotism which knows and considers only itself, has developed in her to a height that inspires actual horror, her unreasonable wishes and uncontrolled whims are getting beyond her command, and thus she will become the slave of her own ca-

prices. Her reason will be more and more unsettled, she will lose the balance of her mind, and at last sink into complete lunacy. I have convinced myself that Elmar cannot protect his sister against her own folly, as he is obliged to put forth all his strength to ward off the blow that threatens him."

"But it was not particularly wise in him to yield to Katharina's absurd desire to make young Reinhardt pastor of Altenborn."

"I doubt whether it was done on Katharina's account," replied the countess, after a pause; "that was the very thing that revealed Elmar's regard for Erica, as the latter, for her guardian's sake, undoubtedly interceded for the young man. Elmar is quiet, but by no means weak; he is not quick in action, but reflects for a time to see whether he can spare himself the necessity. If, however, he once feels it, he carries out a measure with energy and consistency."

"Now, for instance, in spite of all Katharina's scenes, he has broken up their system of mutual housekeeping, as he plainly saw it would prove his ruin, and set apart one wing of the castle for her use. She still grumbles over the injustice done her, as she calls it, the more so as she considers Elmar an interloper, and believes herself to be the real owner of Altenborn. She looks upon her father's second marriage, not only as a great wrong to herself, but, on account of his wife's inferior station, scarcely valid. To be sure, it would have been better if the old baron had made a suitable match, but —"

"Let that pass, Vally, she was a charming woman, and might fearlessly take her place beside our little Queen Sidonie. Elmar can afford to laugh at his sister's nonsensical notion, as no one else will share her opinion."

"He probably has little fear of her legal rights, but dreads the public scandal Katharina will recklessly cause if her anger is seriously aroused. Hitherto we have laughed at the strict watch she keeps over her brother, for we thought it impossible it could really prevent his marriage; he may, however, have shrunk from this decisive time, and therefore not yielded to any passing interest. One thing is certain, in such a case Katharina will put forward her absurd pretensions."

"I don't know, Vally, how, with all these complications, you can think it advisable to involve Erica in such a situation."

"If I could alter the situation I would not fail to do so, but as it must be faced

sooner or later, in my opinion the more quickly this is done the better. An open quarrel with his sister will free Elmar from a mountain, and since, as I said before, he can be of no use to her, there can be no objection to it on the score of good feeling. Erica, however, unless I am greatly mistaken in her, is just the person not to yield to the storm she will probably meet, and so grandmamma's request seemed like a sign from heaven."

"I know you like to play at providence a little, Vally, and therefore the idea of punishing Katharina by granting her own request undoubtedly had its charm for you."

"That is very true, my dear Edwin, and I earnestly hope the punishment may benefit her."

"So we have another cleverly arranged intrigue begun. Poor Erica must be helped to a rich husband. She again must be the stumbling-block between the brother and sister, that Elmar may be freed from his burden, and lastly Katharina must be chastised, softened, and cured by the little storm her kind aunt brings over her head. The principal matter to us is of course invariably the matrimonial project, only it seems to me that in spite of all our clever diplomacy, the love affairs don't make much progress. I have already thought it would be better to leave the girls to God and themselves, that they might marry according to his and their pleasure."

"That would certainly be far easier and more comfortable, my dear Edwin, only I believe that the happiness of possessing children imposes stern duties. To be allowed to follow the impulses of the heart would be a fate so unusually happy, that no one who does not possess the blessing has a right to grumble. When people are not rich, and have a large family——"

An involuntary movement from the count made the speaker pause and look at her husband. He turned away, saying peevishly: "Why do you go back to those old stories? the girls certainly know that they are not rich."

"Yes, they know it, but as they have always lived in luxury, they do not suspect what a necessary element of existence money is now. But for this, I would gladly place Olga's hand in Generode's, for his agreeable manners have won me also; but duty imperatively commands me to prevent the marriage, for I foresee nothing but sorrow and trouble."

The count's impatient movements increased, and he replied in his former sulky

tone: "Who is talking about Generode? The only person in question is Sonnenstein, and he can frame Olga in gold if he desires. Why will not the silly girl take him, and why don't you use your authority to compel her to do so?"

The countess glanced at her husband with a look of mingled anxiety and surprise. "You can scarcely expect me to adopt such a course, Edwin," she said, in a somewhat unsteady voice. "It is my duty to warn my children from the path of error, I must try to guide them into the right one, but never, even for their own happiness, would I dare to force them. I believe Sonnenstein to be a worthy, kind-hearted, though not particularly brilliant man, whose moral qualities can inspire sufficient esteem to fully compensate for the deficiency of his intellectual ones, and I earnestly desire the marriage, but my authority can extend no farther."

The count drummed impatiently on the table beside him. "Very well, as people make their beds so they must lie, and Olga can give up camel's-hair shawls and Paris dresses." He rested his elbow on the table, shaded his face with his hand, and continued in the same tone: "Besides, it seems to me great folly to educate poor girls in luxury, in order to compel them to look out for rich suitors in the matrimonial market." The count paused once more, covered his eyes with his hand, and added in a lower tone: "I believe it is our duty to change this, Vally, and—and if it is agreeable to you, we will adopt a simpler style of living."

He removed his hand from his eyes, but examined the toe of his boot with such close attention, that he did not look at his wife. She had turned somewhat pale, but instantly composed herself, and said quietly,—

"That reason is scarcely sufficient, my dear Edwin, for most daughters of houses where the property is entailed are in a similar situation."

"Then it is so much the worse, so much the more reprehensible on the part of the parents. Besides, I hate this display; I love and long for greater simplicity, and desire it to be inaugurated in our household."

His eyes were still fixed upon the toe of his boot, and he did not notice the deathlike pallor that overspread the countess's features. She involuntarily pressed both hands upon her heart, as if to stifle some pain, then rose and approached her husband. As she laid her hand on his shoulder, he looked up, but instantly cast

down his eyes and turned impatiently away.

"Why have you so little confidence in your wife, Edwin?" she asked gently, in a trembling voice. "Why does it require such a pretext to make her acquainted with your situation? Why do you not pour forth all your cares, and speak frankly of the troubles that oppress you?"

The count half rose from his seat, thus removing his wife's hand from his shoulder, then threw himself back in his chair, exclaiming in a loud, angry tone, "Oh, deuce take this confounded sentimentality! When people want to discuss practical subjects, there is no occasion for this display of conjugal love. I think we are both too old to perform touching scenes together."

Countess Rodenwald's delicate lips were firmly compressed, she again clasped both hands over her heart, and then returned to her seat, and sinking into it, gazed steadily at him. Her face, though somewhat pale, had regained its expression of cold repose, and her tone sounded equally chilling as she said slowly, —

"As you have expressed yourself so decidedly in favor of the practical standpoint, I will discuss the matter from that side. You wish to economize, not on your daughters' account — that pretext is scarcely worth contradiction — but probably for the sake of your own disordered affairs. Although it is difficult for me to act in a matter which I but partially understand, I will gladly enter into your wish as soon as I know what I can do for you."

The count's eyes were again magnetically attracted by his boots, as he murmured, "I think I have already mentioned, Vally, that we must spend less money."

"In other words, Edwin, I must give you some money, for as I defray all the housekeeping expenses and those of my children's wardrobes out of my own property, I do not know how my economies could benefit you."

The count's eyes at last rested on his wife, as he said with a somewhat unsuccessful effort to assume a jesting tone, "The word housekeeping is a very relative, and therefore comprehensive idea, Vally. You might assist in bearing a large share of the burdens imposed upon me, especially the wine-cellar and the payment of that crowd of idlers, the servants and such people. Besides, Ottomar's allowance is, I think, unnecessarily large; your partiality for him has imposed a very heavy burden on my purse."

"I will take charge of Ottomar's allow-

ance," said the countess quickly; "he at least shall not suffer from these circumstances."

"You can do so with less hesitation, as you will have no provision to make for Fritz, who is his wealthy uncle's sole heir, and will perhaps be richer than Ottomar."

The footman, who at this moment announced that supper was served, interrupted the conversation. The count was evidently well pleased, for his brow cleared, and he politely offered his arm to his wife to take her into the dining-room.

"You are an exemplary wife, Vally, I have always known it," he said as calmly as if the words were the conclusion of a friendly conversation. "So you will take charge of the wine-cellar, at any rate, for there is a little champagne-bill of several hundred thalers to be paid at once. I had entirely forgotten it, and when it was handed to me to-day was rather embarrassed, because I did not have sufficient ready money to settle it."

Without waiting for her reply, he instantly spoke of other things, and during the meal was unusually gay, jested with his children, teased Erica, and cheered the whole circle by his bright spirits.

XXXI.

THE CATASTROPHE.

WHEN the countess suggested to Sidonie the plan of a journey to Altenborn, she found less opposition than she had expected. True, the prospect of meeting Katharina was not tempting, but Sidonie loved the old lady whom she was to visit, liked Elmar, for whom, ever since her childhood, she had cherished a warm affection, and moreover felt only too plainly that her departure was necessary. She hoped to find some diversion for her torturing thoughts in the changing scenes of the journey, and her new surroundings; for her situation seemed so painful that any alteration must be a benefit.

Contrary to her expectations, the countess met with far greater opposition from Erica. At first her astonishment at the proposal was so great that she could not utter a word; but her aunt plainly saw that no joy blended with the surprise, and as soon as Erica had partially recovered her composure she frankly expressed her feelings, and there was almost angry defiance in her eyes as she said at last, —

"If you think it better for me to leave Dorneck, my dear aunt, some other and more suitable place can doubtless be found."

The countess gazed searchingly at the flashing eyes and quivering lips of the young girl, whose refusal gave her an unpleasant surprise, since it seemed to contradict the idea of her regard for Elmar; therefore when she spoke, her words sounded even colder than she had intended: "Certainly, I think it better for you not to remain in Dorneck. The object of your residence here is tolerably well accomplished, and you have no opportunity to use your powers or develop your manifold talents. We have almost too many young ladies in Dorneck," she continued with a faint smile, "and I would have sent one of my own daughters to Altenborn too, if the affair could have been so arranged."

She paused, as if awaiting an answer, but as Erica remained silent and the countess's keen eyes saw that the young girl could scarcely restrain her tears, she continued in a more affectionate tone: "I hope you see, in my care for you, not a lack but a proof of my love; of course, in spite of your temporary absence, Dorneck will remain your home, and your stay at Altenborn, whether longer or shorter, can and will be considered only a visit. Fortunately, you are so situated that you are not compelled to be dependent upon any one, so your acceptance of the old lady's invitation will be a kindness on your part, which will not impose the slightest obligation upon you. If you do not like Altenborn — although so far as the charming old baroness is concerned, this is scarcely possible — you can return to us in a few weeks. You need not come into any close contact with Katharina, and thus there can be no fear of breaking your promise to your mother."

Erica's face brightened as her aunt uttered the last words, but she was still silent, and only when the countess directly asked for an answer, hesitatingly replied, —

"I would willingly accede to your wish, dear aunt, but Elmar von Altenborn does not want me to come; I cannot possibly enter his house against his will."

"Elmar does not want you to come!" asked the countess in astonishment. "So you have discussed the subject together."

The deep blush that crimsoned Erica's cheeks afforded the countess great satisfaction, for she perceived that she had not been mistaken in her former inferences. She therefore instantly helped her out of her embarrassment, by continuing, —

"I remember you became very well acquainted with each other during his stay in Waldbad and your adventure in the for-

est; but he thought only of your coming as Katharina's companion, and no true friend could desire that. Now, however, the case is very different, and he will have no objection to your paying a visit to grandmamma, for he sincerely loves and honors her. I think I can answer for his approval of our plan; will you accept my security, Erica?"

The brown eyes now rested so affectionately on the countess, that any other language was superfluous. The lady eagerly answered the entreaty of the loving look, and clasped the young girl in her arms with a mother's fond affection. "Child of the only friend I had in the world," she whispered softly, "you are as dear to me as my own daughters."

She passed her hand lovingly over Erica's soft brown hair, and then added more gravely: "Take from this conversation, Erica, the lesson that true love cannot selfishly follow its own impulses, that it is often its painful duty to seem stern." She pressed a light kiss on Erica's brow, and then left her, as she clearly perceived that the latter needed solitude.

At dinner the countess mentioned the intended journey, and though none of the younger members of the family had had the slightest suspicion of it, no one ventured to express surprise. An old lady, who lived in the neighborhood, and was going to Coblenz by the steamer, was to take charge of the two young girls as far as that city, where a carriage from Altenborn would meet and convey them to the castle.

The few days that intervened before their departure passed rapidly enough in making preparations for the journey, and finally the evening arrived when the family circle was assembled unbroken for the last time. Sidonie, as usual, seemed very grave, and Erica also felt agitated at being compelled once more to leave the place, which of late had seemed like home. Besides, notwithstanding her aunt's words, she felt a little dread at the thought of Elmar; true, his earnest request that she would not come to Altenborn referred solely to Katharina, but it seemed like a want of proper reserve to enter his house without his invitation. As neither the countess nor her daughters appeared to be in a very cheerful mood, this last meeting, at which Ottomar was also present, would have been rather dull, but for the unusually good spirits of the master of the house. He jested and laughed continually, nay, his exuberant mirth at last seemed almost forced, or the result of some secret

excitement, and the countess now and then glanced anxiously at her husband.

"What is that letter?" asked the count hastily, as a servant entered. "If the scrawl is mine, hand it to me," he cried impatiently.

He broke the seal, hurriedly read the letter, then, without making any apology, rose and left the room. The countess and her eldest son exchanged anxious glances, while a vague sense of oppression brooded over the rest of the party. Conversation became less fluent, and was with difficulty maintained by the countess, although she externally retained her composure. But now came a fresh interruption, for the servant soon entered and requested Count Ottomar to go to his father's room.

Ottomar hastily started up, whispered a few words to the countess, and then obeyed the summons. When he reached his father's room, the latter was standing at the window staring through the panes, he turned his head towards the new comer, and murmured in an undertone, —

"Read that scoundrel's letter, and then advise and help me."

He again turned towards the window, leaving his son to find the letter himself. Ottomar saw a sheet of paper lying on the writing-desk, and stretching out his hand towards it, asked, "Is this the letter, dear father?"

"Of course," replied the count, without turning; "I think you can see I am not in the mood to use many words."

Ottomar took the paper and read the following lines: —

"I sincerely regret, my dear count, that I am unable to fulfil your wish, but even the best intentions recoil before an impossibility. I have already fully explained the condition of my own affairs, so you will certainly believe me when I tell you that my hands are tied. I am completely in the power of this damned usurer, and it is not I — whence should a man like me get this horrible avarice? — but he alone, who is the inexorable demon that oppresses you, or rather me, and thus puts the stamp of a dishonorable action on my brow.

"I have tried both threats and cunning, but all my efforts have recoiled from this impenetrable armor of baseness. All I have obtained is a few days' delay, so instead of to-morrow, the note will not be presented to you until Wednesday. Of course I was obliged to purchase the favor very dearly, but you seem, Herr Count, to regard a short respite as especially important, so I wish under any circumstances

to accommodate you. If it would be too great an inconvenience to pay the whole sum of sixty thousand thalers on Wednesday, I will again make every exertion to induce him to wait a few weeks for half the amount, though I fear this can only be accomplished by utterly disproportionate sacrifices, and therefore would earnestly advise you, if possible, to pay the abominable fellow in full.

"I would have come in person to discuss this matter, if I were not detained in the city by urgent business, which will keep me here several days. Therefore, Herr Count, pardon these hasty lines, with their unpleasant contents, and be assured that I feel the affair far more painfully than yourself. With the warmest esteem, dear count, I am,

"Respectfully yours,

"WEHLEN-RAMSDORFF."

Ottomar had turned somewhat pale as he read the letter; when he completed it, he gazed thoughtfully at the ground. The count, to whom the pause probably seemed too long, hastily turned, and seeing his son absorbed in reflection, said with a scornful laugh, —

"Well, Ottomar, is a note such a strange thing that it petrifies you like Medusa's head?"

"You cannot afford to pay it, father?" Ottomar asked gently.

The count shrugged his shoulders impatiently. "Folly! If I could, I should not ask your assistance."

"Has not Werner collected many old debts? Has he not largely increased your income, and —"

"What does this mean, Ottomar?" cried the count furiously; "are you meddling with matters that don't at all concern you at present? What is the meaning of these confidences from my employees, which are in no respect proper for you to hear? It seems that you only recommended Werner in order to have a hand in the management of Dorneck; henceforth I positively forbid any interference on your part."

"You just requested it, dear father," said Ottomar, looking steadily into his face.

The latter perhaps felt the reproach conveyed by his son's words, for he changed the subject, and with the same scornful laugh with which he had opened the conversation, said: "You are unfortunate in your *protégé*, or rather your bosom friend, Ottomar; very strong warrants have been issued, and it would be strange if he escaped the police."

"I used to think you liked Werner, father; I am very sorry to hear you speak of the matter in this way."

"I liked my secretary Werner, for he was a useful servant, but I do not extend my kind feelings to a political fanatic, who used my house for a hiding-place. With you, Ottomar, I am extremely displeased for having deceived and compromised your family in this way."

A scarcely perceptible smile played around the young man's lips; many weeks had elapsed since Werner's flight, and now for the first time his father's irritation led him to make this reproach. This was exactly in accordance with the character of the count, who often deferred the unpleasant task of reproof until he could avail himself of it as a convenient excuse for an outburst of anger. Ottomar therefore made no reply to the last words, but said, —

"In what way can I serve you in this matter, my dear father?"

"Very simply; get the money. As you have once committed the boundless indiscretion of discussing this matter with Werner, I can tell you that all my means have been absorbed by this scoundrel, that the vampire with his cheating has drained me dry."

"That is certainly a very unfortunate situation," said Ottomar, in a somewhat tremulous voice. "You reproach Wehlen with cheating, have you any tangible proof of your assertion?"

"Don't torment me with your questions, Ottomar!" replied the count, in his former irritated manner. "Should I allow myself to be plundered by this villain, if I had the proof? I can even tell you, that of late my principal reason for playing was to obtain it, but I did not succeed. In order, moreover, to blunt the edge of your moral indignation against me, which — unpleasantly enough for myself — I read in your face, I can also tell you that of this last sum, I lost only a sixth or perhaps an eighth at play. The infamous scoundrel, however, has formed a league with another rogue as bad as himself, who apparently presses him, and as I could not pay at once, neither made the least objection to extending the note, merely making the trifling condition of doubling the amount, until after a few months the debt has grown like an avalanche."

This peculiar apology did not make the son's face brighter; on the contrary it grew still graver, and he asked almost sternly: "On what favorable turn in your circumstances did you depend, dear father,

to allow yourself to be led on by the hope of payment to constantly extend the note?"

"You are adopting the tone of an inquisitor, Ottomar," cried the count, reddening with anger. "I do not intend to endure such conduct from my son. I sent for you to help me, not to subject myself to impertinent questions. If you know of no expedient, you can go; in that case, I prefer to be alone."

Ottomar's face regained more and more of the repose his father's flushed, agitated features so strikingly lacked. This new outburst of anger did not offend him, for he knew his character too well not to be aware that he was only the accidental conductor of the wrath seething within him. He therefore did not think of leaving the room, but remained quietly leaning against the table, and said, —

"Forgive me, dear father, if I am compelled to ask you another question; but I can't possibly propose any expedient while I am so completely in the dark. I know that no mortgages can be given on Dorneck, but would it not be possible to sell a portion of the forest, and —"

"Impossible!" cried the count in violent agitation. "The neighbors trouble themselves far too much about affairs that don't concern them even now. Only a short time ago, several of my beloved cousins presumed to remonstrate with me about the management of my woodlands. I suppose this wonderfully clever Werner, who constantly told me the same thing, is at the bottom of the matter. If I order more timber to be felled, I shall bring all my relations about my ears, and that would cause an agreeable scandal, which, to be sure, would be a special gratification to your mamma."

"Then I know of only one expedient, which, however, I propose with a very heavy heart, — we must try to induce my mother to help you."

The count uttered a sigh of relief. "Indeed! Has that idea really occurred to you at last, Ottomar?" he cried, almost with a laugh. "I think you might have mentioned it before, for any child must see it is the only way."

A sudden light flashed upon Ottomar's mind; he now perceived why his father had made him his confidant. He wished to avail himself of his son's influence over the countess to induce the latter to pay the needful sum, and moreover, if possible, spare himself a disagreeable scene. Ottomar, however, did not intend to smooth his father's way so completely, and there-

fore, contrary to the latter's expectation, said quietly, —

"It is very natural, my dear father, for me to shrink from the thought of imposing so heavy a sacrifice upon my mother, and before it is done, it is our duty to try to wrest from the usurer at least a portion of his spoils. At the worst, we can bring the matter before the court —"

"Have you gone crazy, Ottomar?" cried the count, bursting into another fit of passion. "Do you suppose you are talking to one of your young ensigns, whose guardian pleads his minority to protect him? Do you intend to represent me as a fool or a lunatic, in order to defend me against the leech by means of the law? I hope you will acknowledge your father to be a man, who knows how to answer for his acts, and regulate your own measures accordingly."

Ottomar listened to this new outbreak of anger with a sad smile, and then said, quietly, "Then there is no other way except to apply to my mother?"

"Of course; and that as soon as possible. As her favorite, you will understand the best way of arranging this disagreeable business."

"I, father?" said Ottomar, opening his eyes in amazement. "If my mother is expected to make so great a sacrifice, I think she deserves the respect of having you go to her with the request yourself."

"Then I should succeed admirably. Was it necessary for me to call you for that? I think you must see that your mediation is desirable for both parties."

"I regret that I cannot fulfil your wish, but this course would be too repugnant to my own sense of right. I will prepare my mother, but you must ask the favor and settle the affair with her yourself."

The count drummed impatiently on the panes of the window at which he was standing, and then said, without turning, "It seems to be the fashion now for children to dictate to their parents; in my young days matters were reversed. However, if you force me to have a scene with your mother, I'll get through with it as soon as possible, so go and call her."

Ottomar instantly left the room, while the count continued to drum on the window-panes, and then paced hastily up and down the floor, while at every noise in the adjoining room his face twitched convulsively, and he seemed relieved when, contrary to his expectation, the door did not open. At last, however, the solitude appeared to become oppressive and his son's delay very long, for he glanced more fre-

quently towards the door and muttered an impatient execration between his teeth. At last he heard his wife's step in the ante-room, and instantly took his former position at the window, that he might not be obliged to face her at once, and when the door opened did not turn, but murmured in an undertone, —

"Have you come at last, Vally? You have kept me waiting a long time."

The countess's face was deadly pale, there was a deep furrow between her contracted eyebrows, and her lips were tightly compressed. Her eyes were red, and the lids sometimes drooped as if overpowered by weariness, but her bearing was as erect as ever, though her usual composure had changed into an almost frightful rigidity. She allowed Ottomar to lead her to a chair, fixed her eyes earnestly upon her husband, and said, somewhat sharply, —

"I cannot possibly, at this distance and in the singular position you have chosen, discuss such an important matter with you, Edwin. Therefore, first of all, be kind enough to leave the window and sit down here with us."

There was something in the stern, resolute tone that startled the count, and made him instantly yield to her request. He took one of the chairs opposite to her, while Ottomar remained standing between his parents.

The countess leaned back in her chair and wearily closed her eyes; but the next instant opened them again and looked steadily at her husband.

"I will not reproach you, Edwin," she said in the same stern, cold tone, "it would be useless, and, in Ottomar's presence, doubly painful to us all. Unfortunately, I am compelled to detain him as a witness of the only conditions upon which I can undertake to help you."

"Oh! of course, I expected nothing different," replied the count, half contemptuously. "You are much too clever a woman, Vally, not to avail yourself of a state of affairs so advantageous to you."

"It would certainly be a weakness almost bordering upon crime, if I did not attach to my assistance conditions, which will protect us from similar occurrences."

The count cast a hasty, anxious glance at his wife. "What do you mean by that, Vally?" he asked eagerly; "I hope you will not take an unfair advantage of my embarrassment."

"The sum required," continued the countess, without heeding her husband's words, "will absorb nearly half of my property, for the bonds in which it is in-

vested are now below par, and if I am compelled to sell them at this time, I shall be forced to sustain very heavy losses. This property, however, is the sole support of my daughters, since nothing has been saved for them from the revenues of the estates."

"A somewhat superfluous remark, it seems to me, Vally. I don't see any necessity for such a detailed explanation of these well-known facts."

"But it is needful to recall these things for my own justification, dear Edwin, that you may realize the absolute necessity for my course of action."

Again the count cast a hasty, anxious glance at his wife, and said in an agitated tone,—

"Will you come to the point, Vally?"

"This property, which is already so small compared with their station in life," continued the countess, "I cannot, without violating my duty, so greatly reduce, unless I have some prospect of restoring it to them at some future day."

"So you want to economize; I proposed it long ago. How many retrieve their losses in that way! For instance, the Adlerwens drew scarcely three thousand thalers from the revenues of their large estates, and in two years all the debts were paid, and they can now live in the same style as before."

The countess's eyelids again drooped wearily, as she slowly replied, "To impose such a period of suffering upon ourselves would be folly. I have very little knowledge of the revenues of Dorneck, but I am aware that in comparison with the size of the estate, they are not large enough, that the expense of managing them is too great, and —"

"Ah! So in future you want to have an insight into this management. I almost thought so."

The inflexibility, which for the moment was visible in the countess's whole demeanor, became almost unpleasantly apparent in her eyes, as she replied in a loud, stern tone, "I ask more, Edwin. I ask to have the whole control placed in my hands."

The count sprang from his seat, crimson with rage, and approached his wife. "Beware, Vally! Do not abuse your power in this way," he passionately exclaimed. "A bow too tightly bent breaks. Mark that, you clever woman, and let your good sense control your desire to rule."

This time the countess's eyes remained closed so long, her head sank back so

wearily against the chair, that Ottomar feared she was fainting, and bent anxiously over her. But she gently waved him back, sat erect once more, and in the same stern, resolute tone, said to the count, who was pacing up and down the room,—

"Sit down, Edwin; I am unable to talk to you when you move about in this way."

The count unwillingly yielded to the request; the dark frown on his brow, and the firmly compressed lips plainly revealed the anger raging within him, and when he now turned towards his wife, it was with a look of actual hatred, which made her shudder. "Perhaps you have another similar proposal *in petto*, Vally," he exclaimed scornfully, "so be quick, my patience may not hold out much longer."

"Yes, I have still another, and a very important condition, without which even my management of the estates of Dorneck would be useless." The countess paused, took a long breath, which sounded almost like a moan of anguish, and then said in low, broken, but perfectly distinct words: "I ask, in the presence of your son, your word of honor that you will never sign a note again."

The count stared at his wife a few moments, as if he could not trust his ears, the veins on his forehead swelled with anger, he kicked one of the chairs that stood near him furiously across the room, and at last exclaimed in a voice trembling with rage: "This is too much. Your measure is full, Vally!" Then he continued in a somewhat calmer tone, "If you wished to avail yourself of your son's presence to insult his father, you ought at least to have considered that this scene will make a gulf between us, which can never, never be filled. I have borne your improper intermeddling with affairs that did not concern you, your boundless desire to rule, because I love peace, and because I remembered that you are the mother of my children. But if you think you can take advantage of my weakness to get me into your power with fettered hands, like a boy who is still in his minority, you somewhat underrate my strength of will. Never will I consent to conditions so dishonoring to me! You have thrown your missile rather too far, it has passed the goal, and as you desired to obtain too much, you are in danger of losing all."

"Take me to my room, Ottomar," said the countess faintly; "as the conversation with your father is over —"

"Over! You seem to have a singular idea of the manner in which business affairs are managed, my dear Vally; for as far as I see, we are scarcely at the beginning of our discussion."

"I am sorry, Edwin, that I must remain firm in my views. I have mentioned my conditions, you have rejected them, and so the matter seems settled."

"Very well, and what is to become of the note? Do you wish to have the pleasant spectacle of seeing Count Rodenwald arrested?"

"God will enable me to endure even this," murmured the countess softly.

The count cast an almost timid glance at his wife.

"What does this mean, Vally? Is the honor of our name, our family, of so little value that even this extremity makes no impression upon you? Is our disgrace to be discussed in all the cafés, at all the old ladies' tea-tables, and wherever else these noble gossiping clubs may meet? I have upbraided you for arrogance, jested about the pride which induced you to give an undue value to the name of Rodenwald, and now you will drag this name in the dust, suffer it to be branded forever?"

The countess trembled from head to foot. "God has rebuked my pride," she murmured gently. "I bow under his chastening hand."

The count looked at his wife in actual alarm, approached her and gazed anxiously at the deathlike features, and rigid, motionless figure. "Vally!" he said gently, "I may, in my anger, have uttered words which did not come from my heart. Forgive them, and remember how terribly you had irritated me. Your conditions were dishonoring, and therefore impossible to accept, so you cannot insist upon them."

Again her whole frame shook with a sudden chill, as she answered mournfully, "I must, Edwin — God is my witness that I cannot do otherwise!" she cried passionately, raising her hand towards heaven, while large tears ran down her cheeks.

The count again drew back, the momentary gentleness was over, and he walked hastily to the window, while his wife leaned back in her chair with closed eyes. The long pause that ensued was even more painful to Ottomar than the previous conversation, and he at last turned to his father, saying, —

"Let me entreat you, dear father, to end this matter. I think you must perceive

how terribly exhausted my mother is, and —"

"And you therefore wish me to make myself her obedient servant, and moreover express the deepest gratitude for it. You probably think you will then be able to lord it at Dorneck yourself, but you are mistaken, you would soon feel the limit's of your mother's love."

"I will not answer a reproach, father, that can only spring from your momentary irritation. But what is to be done, what do you decide? Perhaps you will consider my mother's condition until to-morrow, and in that case, permit us to go now."

"What is the use of considering? The absolute necessity will be the same to-morrow as to-day, and that my wise wife unfortunately knows but too well." Then approaching the countess, he said gloomily, "Have you already formed any plan by which this transfer of authority is to be effected without exposing your husband and the father of your children to public scorn?"

"I have had too little time for reflection to decide upon the most expedient course to pursue. But I think a long journey and temporary charge of the business, which could afterwards be made permanent, will be best."

"You are like a quack doctor; you have the same universal remedy for all diseases," said the count, with a scornful laugh. "So I am to take a journey too! Shall I go to Altenborn, as the young ladies' mentor, or are matters to be reversed, and the girls act as mine?"

The countess suddenly rose from her chair. "My strength is exhausted, and I am unable to continue this scene," she said, with visible effort. It was with difficulty that she stood erect, clinging to the table for support, and after vainly waiting some time for the count's reply, she took her son's arm to leave the room.

The count stepped before her, and whispered passionately, —

"Have you considered, Vally, that this parts us forever; that in depriving me of my honor, you also extinguish every spark of love for you?"

She bent her head in assent, but was unable to speak, and when the count moved aside, walked on towards the door.

"Stop!" cried the count imperiously.

"Rejoice in your victory! If you have no regard for the honor of your family, I at least will shun no sacrifice to avoid this open scandal."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

ABOVE THE CLOUDS: A REVERIE ON THE
BEL ALP.

THERE is unquestionably, my dear editor, a singular charm about a château in cloudland. It is something like living in heaven. All our days we have gazed enviously at the snowy clouds and the blue skies overhead, as at a world remote and inaccessible. And now the clouds are drifting along below our feet. We look, through a break in the thunderstorm, not at the stars twinkling in the firmament, but at the lights burning in the valley. The Philistines of the plains behold a blue-black veil of mist drawn lightly along the mountain-side; behind that veil, in the old time, the immortal gods were hidden. *Nous avons changé tout cela.* Olympus could not have been one-half so comfortable as the hotel on the Aegischhorn. The Bel Alp, with a famous philosopher discoursing largely over the sparkling pine logs, is a more lively Walhalla. Pan is dead: and his place has been taken by the British tourist, Mr. Smith.

The goats may climb and crop
The soft grass on Ida's top
Now Pan is dead.

The sweet *un-reasonableness* of woman, as Mr. Matthew Arnold would say, is never more manifest than when you meet her, like the herald Mercury, new-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill. Heine declares, in a charmingly graceful and characteristic passage, that he saw the young spring god, large as life, standing on the summit of an alp; and there is a whole covey of girls in the hotel just now, any one of whom might be taken, any day of the week, in the attitude of that blooming boy. With their petticoats gathered into a sort of beatified knickerbockers, these sweet girl-graduates of the Alpine Club prove themselves adepts on rock and ice. They have scaled every peak in the neighborhood; and when you see them trooping home from the Sparren-horn in the gloaming—the alpenstock serving for bow and quiver—you think of Diana hunting with her nymphs, or stooping out of her cloud to clasp Endymion.

Tell thee tales of love,—
How the pale Dian, hunting, in a grove,
First saw the boy Endymion, from whose eyes
She took eternal fire that never dies;
How she conveyed him softly in a sleep,
His temples bound with poppy, to the steep
Head of old Latmos, where she stoops each
night
To kiss her sweetest —

But tales of love are scorned by our blue-eyed virginal climber; if you wish to strike a responsive chord in the heart which beats under the braces of her knickerbockers you must become a Tyndall or a Huxley; and enlarge, *purpureo ore*, on glaciers, and *névé*, and crevasses, and *seracs*, and moulins, and moraines, and *berg-schrunds*, and ice-tables, and ice-needles, and erratic blocks.

There can, however, be no doubt that the Bel Alp is one of the most delightful spots in this world (or out of it, for that matter, so far as I know yet). It occupies what is called in advertisements "a fine, airy situation," seventy-one hundred and thirty feet above the sea. You have no idea of what a storm can be and do until you have felt it in this upper world. The wind actually *raves* round about us at such times. I use the word "rave" advisedly, — it is intended to signify that Boreas has entirely gone out of his senses, and is as mad as a hatter or a March hare. (Why a March hare? and why a hatter? Have the Lunacy Board or the registrar-general any statistics on the subject?) At any rate, there is an ample store and a very lively interchange of ozone on our alp at all times, and that, I suppose, is what makes it so bracing. You feel the champagne in the air. You become electrical, and give out sparks like a cat. Even English dullness and stolidity cannot resist the infection, — there is a Scotchman here at present who has actually made a joke. (It has been sent home by parcel-post to the *Saturday Review*, with a request that the editor would ascertain whether it is a true joke, or only "wut.") The splendor of the mountain-peaks on the other side of the valley, rosy in the sunset, pallid in the moonrise, is enough by itself to drive an excitable man into a fit. There are moments when every one who can handle a brush rushes distractedly to his sketch-book. But the heavenly color on mountain and sky is as intangible as the coloring of a dream. (And, by the way, pray remind me to ask Professor Huxley if there *be* any coloring in dreams. I suspect, for my own part, that dreamland, like moonland, has no positive tints, but only light and shade, and the grey mystery of an atmosphere "unquickened by the sun.") Then the turf at our feet is the most wonderful enamel-work ever put together, and the grass itself is like the grass in Paradise — that is, in Dante's vivid words, *like emeralds newly broken*. Add to all this the delicious pastoral music of Swiss alp or Scotch hillside, —

The hum of bees in heather-bells,
And bleatings from the distant fells.

Yet, be it said frankly, a Swiss alp and a Scotch hillside are as different as possible. The lines I have quoted are Scotch to the core: they bring before us the hillside, fragrant with heather and vocal with the bleatings of the black-faced. There are, of course, swarms of bees in a country like this where *fragrantia mella* is the only luxury for which you have not to pay; but there is no heather and few sheep, only the tinkle of innumerable cattle-bells. The scenery in Wordsworth's poems in like manner is purely local, not to say sectarian. Even his mist is the mist of the Lakes, and of the Lakes only—

Such gentle mists as glide
Curling with unconfirmed intent
On yon green mountain-side.

That is not the way in which a Swiss mist behaves itself—a Swiss mist exhibits none of the charming coquetry, of the maidenly indecision, which the Lake poet loved. Swooping down upon us as a *lämmergeier* swoops upon its prey, or flung aside in one breathless moment of delight, as when an immortal casts aside her cloud, there is no leisure for the arch by-play which suits the other so well. Dip into Wordsworth anywhere, and you will find that he has entered too deeply into the spirit of his own mountains to have much understanding of the mountains of other people. He may comprehend Yarrow; but then Yarrow was his near neighbor.

The grace of forest charms decayed,
And pastoral melancholy.

The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

No: neither of these (nor many others as perfect that might be quoted) are in the smallest degree characteristic of our alp. The intense light, for one thing, is inconsistent with this tender pensiveness of the imagination. Then the sleep that is among the lonely hills may fitly be enjoyed in the Lake country—the natural sense of repose not being driven away from these quiet solitudes by any disturbing influence. How different it is in Switzerland, where the tension on mind and body is seldom relaxed! We are in the midst of the mighty primeval activities of nature. The glacier cleaves its way through the valley; the avalanche is never silent. Sleep, indeed! Sleep at your peril! Nor do I think that even Byron himself struck the characteristic note of

Alp or Apennine. The mystery of the Scotch hillside haunted his memory,—

And Lochnagar with Ida looked o'er Troy.

But there is one of Shelley's shorter poems, which has been fearfully mutilated by the printer (some of it past recovery) which, in four or five lines, presents us with a picture of all that is grandest, and noblest, and most peculiar in the scenery of the Alps,—

dome, pyramid, and pinnacle,
A city of death, distinct with many a tower
And wall impregnable of beaming ice.

Do not fancy, however, from what I have said, that Wordsworth is ever out of place. His scenery may be local; but the moral element is world-wide. The grave and lofty homeliness of his imagination, indeed, has somewhat obscured our perception of the supreme felicity of its presentation. Any casual reader will be surprised to find how much of Wordsworth has become proverbial, is in daily use, has been incorporated into the English language as presently spoken. Running the eye over his pages, we find familiar phrases at every turn. "But she is in her grave, and, oh! the difference to me"—"A privacy of glorious light is thine"—"We feel that we are greater than we know"—"The light that never was on sea or land"—"The heavy and the weary weight of all this unintelligible world"—"Not uninformed with phantasy, and looks that threaten the profane"—"Sole-sitting by the shores of old romance"—"Plain living and high thinking are no more"—"An ampler ether, a diviner air,"—these, and countless others, we owe to the bard of Rydal. This is the *curiosa felicitas* of speech: still it is a secondary, and not, as with Keats and Tennyson, a primary quality of the poem; and Wordsworth has been assimilated almost unconsciously—at least without direct recognition—by the English-speaking races.

And now, my dear editor, let us to business. Only, in the first place, you are, of course, anxious to learn how I got here. I wrote you last from Venice—probably in the worst of tempers. For, between them, they have contrived to ruin that precious gem of the Adriatic. Mr. Ruskin is firing a portentous battery of minute guns at the authorities; but is no good. The free kingdom of Italy has played the mischief with Venice, as with much else in Italy. They have got a united people, and a parliamentary constitution, and the eternal principles of civil

and religious liberty, for which Hampden died on the field and Sydney on the scaffold, and I hope they like them. But to the lover of old cameos, and old pictures, and old streets, and old churches, Italy is not what it used to be. The virtue has gone out of it.

Something ails it now ;
The spot is curst.

I had promised to meet the Macs on the Lake of Geneva ; and my artist friends at the Academy had warned me that I was bound to visit, *en route*, the house in Cadore where Titian was born. I do not care much for shrines, artistic or ecclesiastical ; but Cadore is among the Dolomites, and the Dolomites seem to exercise a peculiar fascination over the people who have seen them. So I resolved to go by the Dolomites.

We left the outside world at Conegliano, where we engaged an *einspanner*, which we kept till we reached Cortina. The country to Ceneda is as flat as a pancake ; but Ceneda itself is a reminiscence of Venice — there are such charming little scraps of the old Venetian architects to be found in its streets and piazzas. We passed the first night at a small *albergo* near Santa Croce — a strange, uncouth, solitary house. But the landlady was blythe and buxom, and the charges were ridiculously small ; and we slept in high, old-fashioned beds in the attics quite comfortably, though one of us dreamt of brigands. The whole country thereabouts is *eerie* — stony, desolate, God-forgotten — the houses cracked by recent earthquake, propped up by huge wooden beams, and looking as if another shake would reduce them to utter ruin. Yet the little bits of water — even the Lago Morto — are wonderfully blue, and the people (the children and young girls especially being of a most rare and noble type of beauty) are surprisingly handsome. The true Venetian comeliness, indeed, is to be found now only in the valley which so long was part and parcel of Venice — certainly not in Venice itself, where the women are extremely plain. Next day we drove up to Cadore, where Titian was born, through a valley which the yellow turbid Piave has covered with mud and stones. It is not till one mounts to the upper valley from Perarolo — a tremendous pull — that the glory of the Ampezzo Thal discloses itself. But from Cadore till it joins the Pustherthal at Toblach, it is probably the most singular and striking valley in Europe. These grand Dolomite peaks,

which rise up in weird procession on either hand — the Pelmo, the Antelao, Sorapis, Tofano, Croda Rossa — are not of this world. The architecture of Pandemonium, — at least of some primeval, disorderly, titanic force of which we have nowhere else in this orderly old world any other memorial. It is with a feeling of absolute awe that we see afar off, spectral in the sunset, these splintered, fantastic pinnacles, — a feeling which grows more vivid when we enter the mysterious valley in which such weird pranks have been played. Among these devils' rocks a witches' Sabbath might be held — no doubt was, before all the witches were abolished. Not till we reach Hollenstein, however, is the valley at its grimmest, Cortina itself, the Dolomite capital, lying in a fair and fertile strath. The mountains stand back and leave you room to breathe ; yet are they not so distant, but that the boom of the great bell of the campanile is heard in all their valleys. A child playing with matches in the barn had burned down Ghedina's Hotel, where the frescoes by the artist-son were really fine, and so we stayed at the Stella d'Oro "*conditta dalle Sorelli Barbaria*." The sisters are proud of Venetian descent, and the house is daintily adorned with old Venetian furniture and old Murano glass, with the arms of the Barbaria figured upon it : still they are as attentive as if they had no noble connections, and the trout from the Misurina Lake, and the black-cock from the Caprili pine-woods were cooked in an unexceptionable manner. We were quite alone in the valley, — an enterprising Yankee — "Moses A. Dropsie of Philadelphia, U.S." — having left before we arrived. It is worth while to climb the southern heights to see the Marmolata — the queen of the Dolomites — and the Civetta ; but the walk across the Tre Croce to Landro is not to be surpassed. We had a fine spring day for our ramble, — waves of mist, indeed, were surging through the passes, and clinging to the higher cliffs ; but mist, if not too densely opaque, rather adds to the strange glamor of these Dolomite mountains. Until we reached the summit of the pass, we found the mule-track free of difficulty (on *that* side it was exposed to the sun) ; but from the three crosses till we sighted the Lago Misurina, we waded through deep snow. On the summit, just beyond the crosses, several prodigious crags of Dolomite have been discharged from the mountain overhead — the Christallo — and there they lie like huge cannon-balls across the road. It is

impossible to say how long they have lain there, for they are covered with vegetation—an aged pine, rooted in a fissure, springing from the most massive. We pass through a noble pine wood; a deep trench lies at our feet, with a brawling stream in its depths, and on the opposite side rises the wonderful *cirque* of the Croda Malcora—a gleaming crescent of rock and snow down which the avalanches thunder. There is no human creature in all that spacious valley,—no one except ourselves and the cuckoo, whose friendly note that day amid these ghostly solitudes sounded remote and unfamiliar. You know the kind of day—one of those miraculous spring mornings among the mountains, when the mist is dry and buoyant, and penetrated with sunshine. The lower snow-slopes shone brilliantly in the transparent light, and ever and again the great peaks were translated from partially veiled phantoms into shapes of dazzling distinctness. In the evening we came down upon Landro, a pleasant, homely post-house, where stout little Baur and his comely motherly wife (you will find their portraits painted by Ghedina in the best bedroom) gave cordial welcome to the first birds of passage of the season. A great Carinthian hound (Luc by name) sleeps summer and winter outside the door. There are splendid black-cock among the woods up yonder on the road to the Drei Zinnen—one is shot next morning, and brought in for us to admire. All night the Christallo is visible from our bedroom window, reflected in the Dürren See—a spectral presence dimly revealed to us by the forlorn light of the waning moon, which we had seen, in its full glory, a week before at Venice. There is a break in the valley-line just opposite the post-house—made on purpose, it might seem—into which the Drei Zinnen fit with mathematical exactness; and the Drei Zinnen, the three weird sisters, are the consummate flowers of Dolomite architecture. And then, bidding farewell to our kindly hosts, and promising that we would one day return, we enter the deep trench that leads to the Pustherthal. The profound shadow cast by a wall of rock two thousand feet in height, comes down upon us suddenly; but the shadow creeps slowly up the opposite face, and the eastern peaks keep the sun-glow for long. We left them behind us still brilliant with carmine, rising effulgently into the frosty silence of the gathering night. And then away along the pleasant Pustherthal to the great fortress of Franzensfeste, and over the Brenner to

Innsbruck, which we found in a blaze of glory by reason of a snowstorm which had whitened all the mountains round about,—these mountains from which in winter the wolves, they say, look down into its streets.

A few days thereafter I joined the Macs at Vevay, and then we came on here. You will fancy, of course, that we drove up the Rhone valley, and got to the hotel in the course of the afternoon. Quite the contrary; it took us about ten days: and, zig-zagging in the most delightful fashion, we entirely escaped that pestilential and most detestable swamp. This is how we did it.

Quitting the railway at Aigle, we wandered among the valleys in which Lanenen, Gsteig, An der Lenk, and Adelboden are situated, crossing from valley to valley by the Krinnen, the Trütlisberg, and the Hahnenmoos passes. The people are primitive and homely, and the inns hospitable and unhackneyed. The great mountain wall is somewhat flat, as a rule; but the Wildstrubel and the Wildhorn are wild and romantic, and the path leads through shady pine forests, and across fertile pastures, over which crag and glacier rise gleaming into the sky. Then we crossed the Gemmi, and the Rhone valley at Susten, and walked up the glorious Val d'Annivers to Zinal. The Arpitetta Alp is one of the great places of Switzerland—the Weisshorn being chief among mountains as the Venus of Milo is chief among women. From Zinal along the watershed to St. Luc; from St. Luc to the Bella Tolla, and across the snowy Meiden pass to Gruben, in the Turtmann Thal; over the Jung Joch to St. Nicolas, Stahlden, Visp,—nowhere else in Europe will you find the mountain glory and the mountain gloom in more absolute perfection; for in each of these southern valleys the vestal Weisshorn is the *genius loci*.

Now, my dear editor, I have reached, at length, one of the main purposes of this epistle, and that is to thank you for the bundle of new books which I found waiting me here. A volume by Froude, a novel by Mrs. Oliphant, a large and liberal discourse by Stanley, or Tulloch, or Abbott, the current number of "Maga," what more can the heart of man desire among the mountains? This last volume of "Short Studies" seems to me to contain some of the very finest things that Mr. Froude has written. "Our English," as Milton affectionately called it, has seldom been used to better purpose. How weighty the argument, how graphic the illustrations, what picturesque-

ness of style; what a wealth of thought! A man of genius like Froude ought to be a Tory, not merely because men of real imagination are Tories by instinct (the only literary Radicals being lean logicians like Mr. Mill), but on the special ground that nowhere else that I know of do we find the Tory point of view more adequately and brilliantly stated than in these essays. Of course we shall have some ill-conditioned animal yelping at his heels: as Dryden had his Shadwell, as Pope had his Dennis, so Froude has his Freeman. There are certain courtesies that are happily observed in our literary as in our political society—a temperance of manner as well as of language; but a superior person like Mr. Freeman is released from the restraints of common politeness. The violence with which he has assailed gentlemen of high position and character—Lord Beaconsfield, Lord Derby, Mr. Froude—seems to justify Mr. Arnold's complaint that an academy for the cultivation of what he calls "amenity" is urgently needed among us. One consolation is, that such grotesque animosity defeats its end—it puts the man who uses it out of court. We send our shrews, male and female, to Coventry.

What an afternoon! How silently the great peaks rise into the blue-black vault overhead! Yet even in this breathless summer-time we have a deliciously balmy breeze on our alp. That is the advantage of a fine, airy situation on the southern slopes of the Finster Aarhorn. Don't suppose, by the way, that I am an indiscriminate admirer of fine, airy situations: a fine, airy situation during a Swiss summer is one thing; a fine, airy situation in your beastly and infernal climate (pardon the *Freeman-ism*) is another; the truth being that in a country tormented by the devil, in the shape of the east wind, shelter, adequate shelter, is the one thing needful.

Froude, and Stanley, and Tulloch, and Mrs. Oliphant are read by everybody; but there is one modest little volume in your wallet which, from its very modesty (though it has been published, I see, for some months), may possibly pass unnoticed in these noisy times. This life of an unknown Scotch probationer* is equal in interest to anything of the kind we have had since Carlyle's "Life of Sterling" was written. I wish you could get

one of your best hands to recommend it to the public; for Thomas Davidson as a poet, as a humorist, as a simple, loving, honest, reticent, valiant soul, demands adequate recognition at your hands. Meantime there are one or two things that may be said regarding him before I close this epistle. What he was, what he did, and what he proves, is the arrangement—is it not?—which your sententious Puritan logician and divine (a capital good fellow at bottom, in spite of his theology) would adopt.

Thomas Davidson was born in 1838, and his death took place in 1870, so that he was thirty-two years of age when he died. For four years before his death he was an invalid. He was bred in a Border parish school; his father was a Border shepherd; nearly all his life he lived in a Border cottage. He went from the parish school to the university (where Aytoun, as was his wont, gave him kindly recognition); he studied for the United Presbyterian Church; he became a "probationer" of that Church; he preached for a couple of years; and then he died. A brief and unostentatious career,—glorified, however, in its uneventful homeliness by a rare vein of poetry and a rich vein of humor.

The key-note of the character is its sound and healthy, but modest, manliness. The *mens sana* is a most precious possession. Davidson began to sicken of the disease of which he died before he was eight-and-twenty; but sickness did not unsteady the even balance of his mind. It is after he is laid aside from active work that his humor is at its best and brightest, and his lyrical faculty in its finest mood. The whole picture is pleasant; but the finishing touches make it nearly, if not altogether, unique. The tender humorist looking at death sadly but fearlessly; going down the road that leads into the dark valley with a patient sweetness in the eyes that take a wistful farewell of the sunshine; untouched by envy, untainted by bitterness; simple as a child, and yet strong with a strength beyond the force of manhood. There is no loud or noisy assertion, religious or political, anywhere in this life; but a gentle composure which never wearies, and a soft playfulness against which even the waves of death beat in vain. The poetry is genuine, the humor is genuine, and the character (that which underlies both) as genuine as the poetry and the humor. The humor, indeed, went deep into the life. It is impossible, some one says, to

* The Life of a Scottish Probationer: being a Memoir of Thomas Davidson. By James Brown. Glasgow: Maclehose. 1877.

imagine Sydney Smith in a planet from which *wit* is excluded; and one may be sure that Thomas Davidson's soul would be ill at ease, barely recognizable, in a world over which the soft, lambent light of humor does not play.

That is what he was; what remains to us of his genius is to be found in his letters and lyrics. The delicate life of a grave and quaint fancifulness pervades his letters. It would be a sin to break them into fragments; and the same is true of his poetry.* We must, as the Laureate has observed, take him all in all or not at all. That Thomas Davidson had the true lyrical faculty is undeniable; but he was terribly fastidious. Thus each of the trifles in verse that he has left us has that organic finish which is characteristic of works of high art—nothing could be taken away, nothing added, without marring the effect of the composition. So that I can only ask you to find room for one or two short swallow-flights of song

* Yet human nature cannot resist the temptation (if in nothing higher than a foot-note) of asking you to look at the picture of certain Jeddard worthies on the occasion of the queen's visit: "But the greatest effort of all is the triumphal arches, and of all the three triumphal arches the great-grandfather himself is getting himself erected just close to Jack's door. Indeed, it darkens his shop a good deal. From day to day there is some new limb or feature added to this great triumphal arch, and the progress of it interests us all very much indeed. We all go and stare at it every fine day, and most of us whether the day be fine or no. I take my own stare in the forenoon about ten or eleven o'clock; the shopkeepers stare chronically. Then there are three grand stares every day by the work-people—at breakfast-time, at dinner-time, and after their tea. The grandfather of all stares will be to-night (Saturday), after they have got their beards shaved, but the damp forbids me to join in it. In short, we are all pleased but Wattie Lowrie. He asks—'What the better wull she be o' gaun through a' that wud?' He advises Jack to 'pit a stop till'; because it darkens his shop! Jack, in his reply, takes up ground which I consider impregnable. 'It's no every day, Wattie,' he says, 'that ane gets ane's shop darkened wi' a triumphal aitch.' To which Wattie has not yet replied, but he still holds out about the futility of 'a' that wud; and as he is very deaf, and the benefit to be derived from passing underneath a triumphal arch metaphysical and difficult to be expressed, I fear he will never be able to get over his difficulty. Like most deaf people, too, he gets deafest at the approach of conviction. However, since writing the above, I have heard of another case of discontent—a case of a somewhat different complexion. It seems that we are all pleased except Wattie Lowrie and Archie Knox. This malcontent is engaged in the dissemination of pounds of tea; he lives by hawking tea about the country, principally among the hinds' wives. He has followed this occupation for a long time; he makes his round periodically; he rides on a small pony; like the minstrel boy and the wild harp, Archie rides

'With his tea-bags slung behind him; and he is a very decent man—what people call a 'serious man,' indeed. Like Wattie Lowrie, he also is impressed with an overwhelming sense of the utter futility of *wud*, but he does not stop there; his theory of futilities includes everything of a material kind, everything visible to what the ministers call the 'eye of sense.' 'Man,' he says, 'wad they gang into their closets and pray for her!'"

which seem to me to combine the vivid simplicity and pathetic directness of the Border ballad with the cunning quaintness of the Elizabethan muse. Among our dantiest singers of songs a place must be kept for this humble licentiate of the U. P. Kirk.

This is a Border song,—musical exceedingly. It was written when he was twenty-one:—

THE AULD ASH-TREE.

There grows an ash by my bower door,
And a' its boughs are buskit braw
In fairest weeds o' simmer green,
And birds sit singing on them a'.
But cease your sangs, ye blithesome birds,
An' o' your liltin' let me be;
Ye bring deid simmers frae their graves
To weary me, to weary me!

There grows an ash by my bower door,
And a' its boughs are clad in snaw;
The ice-drap hings at ilka twig,
And sad the nor' wind soughs thro' a'.
Oh, cease thy mane, thou norlan' wind,
And o' thy wailin' let me be;
Thou brings deid winters frae their graves
To weary me, to weary me!

Oh, I wad fain forget them a';
Remember'd guid but deepens ill,
As gleids o' licht far seen by nicht
Mak' the near mirk but mirker still.
Then silent be, thou dear auld tree—
O' a' thy voices let me be;
They bring the deid years frae their graves
To weary me, to weary me!

In a "Reverie at the End of Summer" he gives us a picture of the Cheviots which may hang side by side with Wordsworth's picture of Yarrow. These are the opening stanzas:—

ON THE CHEVIOTS.

Once more, upon the hills!
No more the splendor quivering bright,
Which finger laid at summer height
Upon the lips of half the rills,
Pours on them, but the year's most mellow
light.
Far through yon opening of the vale,
Upon the slopes of Teviotdale,
The green has ta'en a fainter tinge;
It is the time when flowers grow old,
And summer trims her mantle fringe
With stray threads of autumnal gold.

The west wind blows from Liddesdale;
And as I sit—between the spring
Of Bowmont and of Cayle—
To my half-listening ear it brings
All floating voices of the hill—
The hum of bees in heather-bells,
And bleatings from the distant fells,
The curlew's whistle far and shrill,

And babblings of the restless rill
That hastes to leave its lone hillside,
And hurries on to sleep in Till,
Or join the tremulous flow of Teviot's
sunny tide.

"On a Certain Premature Report" (in its mixture of grotesque gaiety and gloom, irony and deep sadness, by far the most striking of his poems) is too long for extraction; so also is the delightful "In Redesdale,"—though a few verses from the latter will bear to be detached.

Then brake the light of morning clear
O'er that old field of Border fray;
And rose to inward eye and ear
The armor-gleam, the battle-bray,
And all the ballad-singers say
Of the stout deed that here was done
About the dawning of the day,
When Earl Percy was led away,
And a dead Douglas victory won
In Redesdale.

The Percy ta'en, the Douglas slain,
I watched them borne for Teviotdale,
Till I, too, in the proud, sad train
Bore bloodied sword and battered mail.
But suddenly the dream did fail:
Vanished the form of either earl
With spear and pennon from the vale,
For there sate she, this winsome girl
Of Redesdale.

She sate beside a tiny stream,
Which by the highway-side outwelled
From moorland into morning-gleam;
One hand a half-filled pitcher held,
The other caught, and would have quelled,
The little waves which chafed their strand;
O foolish waves that still repelled
The daintiest little lily hand
In Redesdale!

"Love's Last Suit" might have been written by Herrick in his best mood: though even in his best mood it has a touch beyond Herrick's reach.

LOVE'S LAST SUIT.

Love, forget me when I'm gone.
When the tree is overthrown
Let its place be digged and sown
O'er with grass; when that is grown,
The very place shall be unknown.
So court I oblivion;
So, I charge thee by our love,
Love, forget me, when I'm gone!
Love of him that lies in clay
Only maketh life forlorn,
Clouding o'er the new-born day
With regrets of yestermorn.

And what is love to him that's low,
Or sunshine on his grave that floats?
Love nor sunshine reacheth now
Deeper than the daisy roots.

So, when he that nigh me hovers—
Death, that spares not happy lovers—
Comes to claim his little due,
Love, as thou art good and true,
Proudly give the churl his own,
And forget me when I'm gone!

And, finally, here is a "Love Sonnet," sent to the correspondent to whom so many of the letters and verses are addressed, a year or two before he died.

LOVE SONNET.

There is no date in love's eternal year
Saving its first,—O deeply loved and long!
Nor shadow invades the sunshine clear and strong
Which dominates forever its azure sphere.
Yellow the woods grow—yellow and winter-drear;
Storms trample down the infinite leafy throng,
Even as my fortunes. Yet the spirit of song
Lives in me, and the warmth of hopeful cheer.

There is no winter in this love of ours!
Thinking whereon, when with least clemency;

This winter of the world and fortune lowers,
Straightway that summer's noon breaks in on me,

Which has no ending nor decline; whose flowers

Are of the soul, and share her immortality.

The moral of the life is (and now we reach the last head of the discourse), that Davidson could not have been what he was except for the parish school and the Ancrum "dominie." The old parochial system of Scotland (when one comes to look at it through the lives of men like Robertson of Ellon or Thomas Davidson) was a rarely successful invention. In every parish there was to be found a teacher with some sort of scholarly acquirement, and with a certain capacity, as it would seem, for imparting his classical lore to his pupils. Year after year one (or more) of his boys was drafted off to the nearest university. This year it might be the son of the laird; next year it might be the son of the laird's shepherd: there never was a more democratic institution. Once at the university, the lad's course was clear; thereafter he could not accuse the partial gods of keeping him a peasant or a ploughboy; it depended upon himself whether he was to return to the hovel in which he was bred, or to take his place in the world where fame and fortune are won. The Church, the bar, the army, have been thus recruited from the ranks of the peasantry; and India, Canada, and Australia are indebted to the parish school for many an enterprising citizen and eminent

administrator. It is quite true that the humor and the poetry in some obscure fashion must have been in Thomas Davidson from the beginning, long before he went to school. Yet native and idiomatic as his vein of humor and his vein of poetry are, it is undeniable that without adequate culture, without the familiarity with the great masterpieces of our literature, which thorough culture alone can give, his rare and singular gifts would have been lost to us—he could not, in any view, have become the humorist and the poet that he was.

Is it true that you are going to change all this? Is it true that you are going to abolish the scholarly Scotch "dominie"? Is it true that the education of the Scotch people is to be handed over to the Philistines of Whitehall? It is hard to believe in such infatuation. I saw in the Greyfriars Churchyard the other day a monument which you have recently erected to a distinguished scholar, on which these words are written:—

In memory of Alexander Murray, D.D., born at Dunkitterick, in Galloway, 22d October 1775, died 15th April 1813, aged 37 years, and interred here. Minister of Urr 1806-1813; Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Edinburgh, 1812-1813. This monument was erected by admirers chiefly connected with Galloway, to commemorate the genius and fame of the "Shepherd Boy," who rose to be the most eminent linguist and oriental scholar of his day. 1877.

One comfort is, that no more subscriptions for monuments of this kind will be needed. When you have made anything like true culture impossible in the parish school, the shepherd boy will remain the shepherd boy to the end of the chapter.

I have zigzagged far away from our Alp: and there is no saying how much farther I might have wandered; but the peaks of the Mischabelhörner are growing grey in the twilight, and the glow has faded out of the sky. *Euge et vale!* or, as they say in the Gaelic, "May the Lord be long spared to preserve you!"

From The Westminster Review.

THE EDUCATION OF GIRLS: THEIR ADMISSIBILITY TO UNIVERSITIES.

ONLY twelve years ago the University of Cambridge consented to take the first step towards delivering the girls' schools of England from the sad state of irre-

sponsibility under which they groaned, by extending the privileges of its local examinations to the feminine portion of the community. Previously to that date, every schoolmistress, with no past of university training for herself, and no future of external tests for her pupils as guide, had done that which seemed right in her own eyes; and seeing that her chances of enlightenment had been in general the least possible, one can only wonder that matters were not much worse than they were. Of desire for the best, there must, however, have been at that time a goodly quantity; for an address, signed by more than eight hundred teachers, was presented to the university, praying for the extension of the examinations, and increasing numbers and steady improvement have marked the examination career of the girls ever since. In the early years, as every one knows, the number and kind of failures in arithmetic were lamentable; but of late the school that has had the smallest percentage of failures in that subject is a girl's school. The past twelve years have indeed been years of rapid advance in the education of girls, and in the education of the public mind to appreciation of a nobler ideal concerning it, as well as of constant struggle on the part of Englishwomen for certain long-withheld and much-needed educational and professional facilities.

But in 1876 the College of Physicians in Dublin declared itself ready to grant medical diplomas to women, and during the past year five ladies, three of whom had fought hard (how hard is well known) at Edinburgh, availed themselves of this sudden solution of their difficulties. Truly it seemed that the tide had turned; for, early in 1877 the Senate of the London University passed a resolution in favor of admitting women to its medical degrees, and appointed a committee to carry the resolution into effect. Soon after, however, a petition, signed by two hundred and fifty medical graduates, was presented to the Senate, praying it to rescind that resolution; and on the 7th of May a stormy meeting of Convocation issued in a resolution, carried by a majority of thirteen, declaring it advisable that admission of women to the medical degrees should be postponed till the question of admitting them to degrees in general should first be settled. Many hearts, perhaps with an undue appreciation of the powers of Convocation, were saddened by this vote, implying, as every one knew it to imply, a vigorous attempt at indefinite postponement of the immediately possible reform,

by adding to its opponents the hostile forces of other professions.

The Senate hearkened to Convocation's voice—not with the effect intended, but contrariwise. At the meeting of the 20th of June, the Senate resolved to adhere to its decision of opening the medical degrees to women, and further to apply to Parliament for a new charter, enabling it to open the other degrees also. Thus the general question was settled, so far as the university alone can settle it; and we hope there will now be only the necessary delays in at last making university degrees attainable to women in England.

Tardily, indeed, has the concession been granted. The men and women of a hundred years hence will perhaps read its history, and not be struck with the prominence in it of the boasted national instinct of fair play; for in England, last of all civilized countries, has this instinct triumphed over use and wont; the freest of European lands has been the last to accord, not only equality of educational privileges, but even liberty of professional choice in any form to its women—surely a strange anomaly, not even matched by the parallel anomaly that in Germany, where the importance of education and the equal right of every citizen to it is most clearly recognized, the separation between boys' and girls' education is slowest in being bridged. Arguing with eyes shut, one would say: in England they will not make mighty efforts about educating girls equally with boys, but they will cede to every English-woman her British right of doing what she likes; whereas in Germany they will raise and widen the education of German girls as much as any one can desire, but they will take care to give German women no chance of stepping out of their sphere into masculine professions. But England can now boast a goodly list of girls' schools where Latin, mathematics, and natural science are taught, besides associations for the extension of university teaching, and a ladies' college in all details of curriculum and examinations a veritable equivalent for those of Cambridge, and yet no amount of equivalent examinations gains a degree; while Germany offers a university career to women in Leipzig and elsewhere, but has no means of preparation for it—the higher girls' schools being inadequate on account of their limited range of study, and not comparable at all to the *Gymnasien* of the boys, though efforts to obtain the equivalent of these have already begun.

The doctrine of the equality and similar-

ity of education for boys and girls was first preached and acted upon in America; but even there it is scarcely half a century old. Before the year 1826 girls were only allowed to attend the schools of Boston, Massachusetts, during the summer months, when there were not boys enough to fill them. In that year an attempt was made to establish a high school for girls on the plan of those already existing for boys. Two hundred and eighty-six candidates presented themselves for admission, while the applications for the boys' high school had never exceeded ninety. This eagerness for knowledge, so unbecoming in girls, was too much for the good people of Boston to endure unmoved. In the words of the school committee of 1854, the school had an "alarming success;" and accordingly, after eighteen months' trial, it was discontinued. After this, however, the girls were allowed to remain in the grammar schools throughout the year.

So America has had its days of women's education panic. But in the Western States better counsels soon obtained. Oberlin College was founded in 1833, offering equal advantages of education to both sexes; and both sexes have availed themselves of it; for up to the year 1873 it had graduated 579 men and 620 women, exclusive of 426 men in the Theological Faculty. Soon after, in 1837, Mount Holyoke Seminary, for girls only, was founded; Antioch, for boys and girls, followed in 1852; and Vassar, for girls only, in 1865. These are a few out of the many institutions which are now scattered far and wide through the United States, and act on the principle, still so much contested, that the similarity of mental development in average individuals of both sexes is so much greater than the difference (if there be any), that, for purposes of education, this presumed difference may be considered as evanescent. Michigan University opened its gates in 1870; Boston, founded in 1871-72, has admitted women from the beginning; and Cornell University yielded to the current in 1875. Harvard and Yale, the two great American universities, still resist all demands and entreaties, and perhaps this is the bitterest grievance of American women, though even it has been slightly alleviated, since some years ago, in 1873, Harvard consented to grant local examinations for girls. But be Harvard and Yale as unyielding as they may, when we turn from the story of the Boston high school in 1826, and observe that in 1867 there were 22 colleges in the States open to men and women

alike, and in 1873, by the report of the United States' commissioner of education, 97, while Boston itself boasts a university containing, according to its annual report of 1876, 483 young men and 144 young women, the increase per cent. during the previous year having been 28 for the former and 41 for the latter, we are not inclined to think very badly either of the liberality of American men or the energy of American women.

And it does not seem that the education of American men has suffered from this liberality. "If any have cherished a fear that the admission of women would tend to reduce the standard of work in the university," says the president of Michigan University in 1873, "their attention may be drawn to the fact that during the last three years we have been steadily increasing the requirements for admission and broadening the range of studies;" and again, in 1872: "Their presence has not called for the enactment of a single new law, or for the slightest change in our methods of government or mode of work." Similar testimony reaches us from the other universities. The Boston report, before referred to, states that in several cases the presence of the women has aided in elevating the standard of scholarship, and that at all times their influence has promoted order, studiousness, and a true social culture.

Side by side with this powerful educational movement, the sister movement of opening up the professions to women has been also making steady way. The attainability of university degrees, and the instruction leading up to them, involves this indeed, as giving the efficiency and the guarantee of it which are the main requirements for entering a profession; but quite independently of the general educational question, the medical education of women early became in America, as elsewhere, a matter of supreme importance. On the first Wednesday in November, 1848, the first medical college for women in the world was opened at Boston. This second shock fell hard on public opinion in that city; but twelve women were found brave enough to face the storm and form the first class of lady medical students. This was the small beginning of a movement that has since spread so rapidly over America and Europe. In 1850 the Female Medical College in Philadelphia was opened, one in New York in 1863, and another in 1868. As a consequence, we find that the census of 1870 reports 525 lady doctors in the States, whereas in

1848 there was not one. Many of these are professors in the medical colleges, or hold public appointments; and their success in private practice leaves no doubt as to the existence of a felt want which they are fitted to supply. The purely medical male institutions have slowly enough recognized their professional sisters. The Pennsylvania College of Dental Surgery opened its doors to women only in 1873, the opportunity being speedily turned to account by two ladies, the first of whom received her diploma in June 1874. The first woman admitted to a medical society in New York was Dr. Mary Green, physician to the Women's Prison Association in that city, who was elected a member of the New York Medico-Legal Society in 1871.

All along, be it remembered, women were studying medicine in the universities open to them, not separately either, but in mixed classes. In reference to this we may again quote from the Boston University report: "From the first there has been no difficulty or embarrassment on account of co-education. . . . No lecture or operation has been restricted to either class, and the presence of the two sexes has been a wholesome restraint upon all." It is curious to compare this statement from those who have had experience of medical co-education with the woful prophecies of those who have had none. Usually the facts of the past are more believable than the predictions of the future.

Not till a later date did American women turn their attention to law as a profession. But inevitably the legal faculty in due time attracted its share of fair students at the universities; and in one state after another lady candidates for admission to practice in the courts made their appearance. Chicago, we believe, had the honor of being the first possessor of a woman lawyer. In 1870 there were five in the States, and since then several reports of other cases have reached our ears in England. Two ladies were admitted to practice at Utah, with much complimenting, in 1873. During the same year the first lady lawyer in Iowa was sworn in; and another young lady passed the best examination of any applicant, and was admitted to the bar as an attorney by the Supreme Court of Illinois. There are also several instances of lawyers' wives becoming lawyers, and practising in partnership with their husbands. A lady in New Hampshire was appointed justice of the peace in 1871.

Turning from law to theology, we find women as ministers of religion not infre-

quently. Their admission to the theological faculty at the universities would lead to this, and we do not hear of any peculiar difficulty in the state of public opinion respecting the adoption of this profession by women, such as we might expect at home, or indeed anywhere in Europe. In 1870 sixty-seven lady preachers recorded themselves professionally in the census.

Besides all these, we find a few isolated instances of women being employed in some of the other higher walks of life. In 1871 there was in Ohio a lady deputy-collector of the revenues, while in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, a lady was appointed chief-engineer of the fire-department, and in New Hampshire a member of the fair sex contracted to construct a section of the Valley Railroad. That America is not yet the land of perfect liberty is, however, borne out by the fact that in the profession of teaching, where women so largely outnumber men, their salaries are still for the same work considerably smaller. This points to the fact of considerable tension against them as regards other work generally, which, forcing them in this, the direction of least resistance, keeps up the time-honored custom of unequal payment. Nevertheless, Englishwomen may well congratulate their American sisters on "their lines having fallen in pleasant places" comparatively. The Englishwomen have an advantage only in this, that when they have won their cause wholly at one of the elder seats of learning, they will practically have won it throughout the country. For Great Britain, despite its hatred of centralization, has an essential unity running throughout its modes of thought and action in such matters; no one moves till there is a certain preparedness on the part of all, then the leaders move in rapid succession, and the rest follow like sheep. Whereas the world of the United States has to be conquered in little pieces, and the educational and professional facilities granted to woman are by no means on a par in all the states. Besides, any small American college can award degrees to its own students instead of submitting them to a true university test as with us, and the value of all degrees and the significance of the admission of women to them are consequently diminished. Even the conversion of Harvard would not be equal in its effects in America to those of the conversion of Cambridge or Oxford with us; and Cambridge has gone a much longer way towards conversion than Harvard has done. It is even possible that America, which was

first in recognizing women's claims, may be last in recognizing them completely. In England, while "use and wont" hold out beyond all reason, the forces of opposition behind them are being rapidly dissolved away, so that soon there will be only this crust of "use and wont;" and when, it yields, all will yield.

In California, a few years ago, a new university was opened to both sexes alike; and even so far away as the ancient capital of the Incas the new principles have found their way and their acceptance. A young lady of Cusco in 1875 applied for permission to study for the degree of doctor of laws, to which application the Peruvian minister of justice replied that the laws of the republic recognized no such difference between the sexes as would prevent the lady from being a lawyer. This answer touches the root of the whole matter; whatever difference there may be, it is not such as to justify the restrictions on human liberty and the artificial limitations of human intellect which we have made or allowed to grow up among us. It is quite beside the point to devote pages of physiological argument to proving that there is sex in mind, unless it be also proved (an arduous undertaking) that the mind-difference involved in sex-difference is such as to warrant the practical conclusions unhesitatingly and illogically deduced from the assumption of *some* difference.

While the far West was working out its solution of the problem of women's education and sphere after the fashion of a republic and a confederation, and while its example was exerting beneficial influence on the thought and intention of a certain section of the British public, eastern Europe had engaged itself on the same problem after the manner of a despotic government.

Previous empresses of Russia had interested themselves in the education of the girls of the nobility, and the schools they established for these girls became models for the voluntary efforts of the bourgeoisie. The present empress, however, proposed to herself a larger scheme, and in 1855 instituted a grand system of *Gymnasien* for girls of all classes, formed on carefully studied models taken from Germany and Switzerland. In a surprisingly short time, 186 establishments with 23,400 pupils were opened; and to these others have since been added, so rapidly did the demand exceed even this suddenly large supply. For such a work, State aid was indispensable; and there was the less difficulty about this, as the chief funds were derived

from the liberality of a former empress, Marie Feodorovna, widow of Paul I., who had left a large fortune for the education of girls. The curriculum of the new schools comprised Russian language and literature, French, German, geography, arithmetic, geometry, algebra, elementary physics and natural history, *pædology*, dancing, singing, and drawing. This was not the curriculum of our girls' schools twenty years ago, and most of us can only add Latin to it now. But to appreciate rightly the significance of this organized system of girls' schools in Russia, we must remember that it is not so long ago since the education of boys was also generally neglected in that country. Secondary educational provision has been made for both sexes almost simultaneously.

Certainly there were currents of opinion adverse to this education of women beyond their sphere in Russia twenty years ago, as there were difficulties in *noblesse* minds regarding the school association of the daughters of nobles and carpenters. But the new schools made answer to all these by distinctly announcing as principle of their action that — a woman is not necessarily and exclusively wife, mother, mistress of a house: before specializing her for any particular destination, it is necessary to give all the development possible to all her moral and intellectual faculties. As for the social difficulty, the gymnasiums very often had princesses for inspectresses and were under imperial patronage; the education was good, and the nobles were soon glad to avail themselves of it.

Educate a woman and she will immediately ask for something to do. The first pupils of the gymnasiums found this something in teaching. After a time passed in the Institution of *Pædology* — another product of this educational movement — many young women became teachers in the gymnasiums where they had been pupils. Thus the teaching gradually passed more and more into the hands of women, though the still existing want of a higher education necessitated the aid of men in the upper classes. Then the women became too many, and salaries were very low. Now, whatever theories theorists may hold as to suitable feminine occupation, it is certain, as matter of experience in all countries hitherto, that women have always regarded the healing art as next in desirableness to education as a professional occupation. In Russia, however, there existed, and exists, among the tribes of Asia, and in the country dis-

tricts generally, a special demand for medical women of some degree of professional knowledge and skill. Probably this was the reason, so far as it was not the absence of a reason to the contrary, why women were, as a matter of course, admitted to study medicine in the Russian schools, though not to receive degrees. But the number of these students increased, and their position in all likelihood raised itself by the influx of some of the cultivated Russian ladies from the gymnasiums.

The increase of numbers, and perhaps the possibility that these more cultivated women might make a demand for further privileges, must have excited apprehension; for suddenly the permission to study in the schools of medicine was withdrawn by government.

One Russian student, Miss Suslova, nothing daunted, went to Switzerland, and by much tact and patience won her way at Zurich, and was admitted into the university in 1864, her admission being speedily followed by that of another Russian lady. The number of lady students of all nationalities grew in this one university admitting them. In 1871 there were four students of philosophy and fifteen of medicine, and during the next year this fifteen grew to sixty-three. But in 1873 the numbers rose to eighty-eight of medicine, twenty-five of philosophy, and one of social science. Out of this total of one hundred and fourteen, one hundred were Russians, a fact explained by the educational facilities afforded to women in Russia, which we have roughly attempted to sketch. University education is an empty show without the supply of a secondary education high enough to lead to it, and without a public opinion recognizing its value; and so among all these students there were but few Swiss, for in Switzerland the notion of women's education being limited by her sphere, and her sphere by masculine will and convenience, decidedly prevails. Yet with what comparative ease were universities opened to women in Switzerland! Can it be that the liberality of men in extending their educational privileges to women is inversely proportional to the eagerness with which women of their own country desire them? We hope not; and, at any rate, granting them is a likely way of causing them to be desired. There is at present in Zurich a Swiss lady, Dr. Marie Heim Vögtlein, who began her studies at the university in 1868, and is practising with much success. We believe it was

thought at first by many Swiss that women physicians would never prosper in Switzerland.

In 1873 a Russian ukase was published, ordering the Russian women to give up their studies at Zurich, under pain of being disqualified, on their return to Russia, for admission to any examination, educational establishment, or appointment of any kind under the control of the government. The most important reason assigned for this step was to the effect that Zurich had become a centre of Russian revolutionary societies, in which the students were involved, some of them going "two or three times in the year to Russia and back again, taking with them incendiary letters and proclamations." The ukase also stated that those young women who really desired a scientific education had ample opportunities afforded to them in Russia, where the medical schools were then ready to admit them, and other educational facilities had been opened up.

The majority of the students obeyed the order of their government and returned to Russia; twelve remained in Zurich, thereby abandoning any intention of returning; and twenty-one applied to the authorities of Berne University for admission there. Without much difficulty this was granted, and in the session of 1874-75 there were thirty-two lady students at Berne—twenty-eight of medicine, three of philosophy, one of law.

By this time women were also admitted to the Polytechnic School at Berne, the Polytechnicum at Zurich, and to the Concordat examinations, enabling them to practise in the cantons.

Geneva University has followed the example which Zurich set to Europe. This has placed the French Swiss on a level with their German-speaking sisters, as compared with whom they were at a disadvantage before. At present there are two ladies studying medicine at Geneva.

The numbers at Zurich are now reduced to about six, but at Berne there is a larger number. This falling off is, of course, at once explained by the opening of universities elsewhere, and especially in Paris, which has naturally become the chief centre of medical instruction for women.

As regards the intellectual capacity of women for the advantages granted to them, professors at Zurich and Berne have spoken as professors of Michigan and Boston spoke. They, too, have not found the minds of the weaker sex a drag on those of the stronger. Up to the present, fourteen women have graduated at

Zurich; and if this seems a small number, we would remind our readers that a great many of the Russian students did not all along intend to complete the course, and, therefore, according to that intention, stopped short of the degree.

The first of the Zurich students, having obtained her degree, returned to St. Petersburg, and presented herself for the state medical examination, which it is necessary to pass for admission to practise in Russia, and as a foreign physician she was admitted and passed. Then, after spending some time at the hospitals of Prague and Vienna, she established herself in the Russian metropolis, and is now in very successful practice.

Meanwhile the events in Switzerland had made it evident that Russian women were thoroughly in earnest about obtaining entry for themselves into the medical profession, and in 1872 an imperial decree gave them admission, under certain conditions, to the Russian schools. Classes for women were formed at the Medical Academy in St. Petersburg, during November of that year. The professors and lecturers were the same as for the young men; but the requirements for examination were different, and the diploma granted was called a diploma for the diseases of women and children. Though required to attend the lectures on legal and forensic medicine, they were not examined upon these subjects, or, strange to say, upon nervous diseases, but were supposed to go more thoroughly into the special diseases for which they received their diploma; also the course prescribed for them was reduced to four years instead of the usual five.

Energetic attempts were at the same time being made to obtain a higher general education for women, in addition to the good secondary education which they already had. In 1869 a system of university lectures for women was organized in St. Petersburg; and in 1873 a college for women was opened at Moscow in connection with the university there, the first professors of the university being engaged to teach the classes. And here we may mention, as an interesting fact, and illustrative of the close connection in the public mind of the imperial family and education, that the Russian municipalities, as a mode of complimenting the daughter of the czar on her marriage, made a number of educational donations, and founded exhibitions for students quite remarkable in liberality. All the gifts were not to girls, but the girls had, it seems, the larger

share. Meanwhile the friends of girls' education in England hope to get something in time out of ancient, misapplied, or possible future endowments, and the same class of people in Ireland petition for some of the Irish Church spoils, and the higher education of British girls has struggled into its present hopeful condition by dint of private effort and good-will.

Turning now to France, we find, on the one hand, universities granting instruction and degrees to women; on the other, a separation of the education of boys and girls surpassing even England ten years ago. The education of boys is wholly under government control, and is much more in accordance with the modern spirit, and, for the generality of students, very much better as a whole than in England. But for girls there is no system of schools organized by government, and only a few municipal schools, leaving the chief work of secondary education to be done in the convents, or by the private enterprise of those who object to the convents. When a government is so paternal as to look after the boys, it seems hard that the fate of the girls should be left to chance. This is not all, however. To protect the youth of France from quack education, every teacher is required to pass an examination and receive a certificate of his efficiency. But nuns are not required to pass examinations, and nuns are allowed to teach young girls, and have been their chief teachers hitherto. The State, so careful of half its children, neither provides for nor protects from imposition the other half. Thus, while the boys are trained to scientific thought, the minds of the girls are steeped passively in superstition, and a little surface smattering is held as the feminine counterpart of solid knowledge; after which the men of France, like men elsewhere, wonder that women are so incapable of reasoning.

We cannot do better than quote M. Léon Richer's description in "*La Femme Libre*," of the accepted model of a girl's education:—

The studies pursued in boarding-schools are what we might expect them to be, that is to say, very superficial. Grammar, arithmetic, geography, history—in particular sacred history—a little botany, and a little astronomy (one is reminded of the well-known use of the globes), form their basis; to this certain social accomplishments are superadded.

But great would be the reluctance to teach the dead languages there, to teach mathematics, geometry, chemistry, physics, philosophy,—above all philosophy! In short, any kind

of learning which widens our horizon and develops our intellect—any kind of discipline which teaches us to reason.

Men have lyceums, women have convents; men have public lectures on law, on literature, on history, on physiology, on anatomy, and medicine. . . . Have women an equivalent for these things? No.

This description might have been written of a section of girls' education in England twelve years ago, but it could not have been written in the year 1877. There may be schools not unlike the French convent, though scarcely so inaccessible to new ideas, in England now; but these exist as a heritage from the past, and are rapidly being either improved or eliminated. The death-warrant of every one of the non-repentant among them is already signed, and beside them the schools of the modern type grow up and flourish not less in numbers than in scholarship. If we ask whether girls in England have the equivalent of boys' schools, we must answer, for a section of the community, certainly yes. In England, too, the education of girls has not a more distinctly theological cast than that of boys, the reverse of which makes the state of things in France so peculiarly mischievous and so peculiarly difficult to cure. Attempts are being made to cure it, however. The education of girls, if not under the guardianship of the State, is not under its control either, and it only remains for private enterprise to take up the matter, as in England, and by successful experimenting convert public opinion from the convent ideal of the past. Schools of a better class are being established in this way, and it may be hoped that the movement from above in the universities will go far towards encouraging this movement from below. We have much faith in French accessibility to new ideas, and French directness in giving them effect, as illustrated by French action respecting the universities.

The first attempt to gain an entrance into these universities was made by Mlle. Daubré at Lyons so long ago as 1861. Mlle. Daubré presented herself before the Faculty of Letters, and after causing much astonishment, and the creation of some difficulty, was allowed to pass her examinations. Then she claimed her diploma, which, on reference to the minister of public instruction, was refused. Mlle. Daubré told her story to M. Arles-Dufour, who set off for Paris the same night, and returned after three days with the diploma in his pocket. Thus the precedent was

made; another lady followed in 1869, and she has had her successors. Meanwhile Montpellier also granted a degree in arts to a lady in 1865.

There were in France during the early part of the century women distinguished in medicine. One, Madame Boivin, who died in 1841, was a member of the medical societies of Paris, Bordeaux, Berlin, Brussels, and Bruges, and as an authoritative writer on obstetrics has an European reputation. She was intrusted with the direction of the Hospice de la Maternité, and of the Maison Royale de Santé, besides other important offices. Before her was Madame Lachapelle, her teacher, who was esteemed one of the ablest teachers of midwifery during the latter part of the last century. She died in 1821.

These women, having made their way to the first rank of their profession, were honored as exceptions rather than regarded as precedents. But some time between 1860 and 1870 Miss Mary Putnam obtained the permission of the minister of education to study in the Paris School of Medicine. Mrs. Garrett Anderson followed her, and obtained her degree in 1870 with congratulations from her examiners on her success. Miss Putnam, who had been taking time for original researches during her studies, graduated in August 1871 with much honor. Paris soon became the centre for medical women, and in 1874 there were twenty students in the Ecole de Médecine. Every one of these, however, had, as every woman must have now, a special permission from the minister. Not long ago, also, a young American lady succeeded in obtaining the degree of bachelor of arts from the "Faculté de Science de Paris," the first to avail herself of the other than medical privileges of that university so far. And just at present one lady, a Russian, is studying in the schools of law.

At the end of last year, 1876-77, there were twenty-two women entered as students in the Medical Faculty — five French, six English, eleven Russians. During that year five women received the degree of M.D. — two English, two Russians, one German. There are now fourteen Englishwomen studying medicine in Paris. We see from these facts that it is quite as much, or rather more, in her character as one of the capitals of the world than in that of capital of France that Paris has undertaken to supply the demand of women for a medical education. In Paris, as in Switzerland, it was the request of a foreigner that opened the university to

women, and in Paris, as in Switzerland, it is to foreigners still the greatest boon.

The education of German girls may be good, but the education of German boys is a great deal better. German girls are educated to be German women; and German women are destined, if not by nature, at least by man, to domesticity of the narrowest type. The party who take exception to this narrowing down of human thought and life — for such a party does exist in Germany — distinctly look to England for light, and covet the action of the English universities with respect to the secondary education of girls.

Germany has an organized system of *Gymnasien* and *Realschulen* for boys under the control of the State, a system which supplies, it may be said without fear of contradiction, the best secondary education in the world. For girls, government has furnished no equivalent. Private effort has done something to supply the want, and of late years *höhere Töchter Schulen*, not recognized as part of the State system, have been established. The undefined position of these schools led to a general conference of their directors and teachers in September 1872; and from the resolutions of this conference we learn several facts:—

1. That the object of the higher girls' schools is to impart intellectual culture to the rising generation of girls, and to occupy for them the place supplied for boys by the *Gymnasium* and the *Realschule*, and that its future development consists *not in a direct imitation of these institutions, but in such organization as is adapted to the vocation of women*: that technical training is therefore to be avoided.

2. That it aims at the harmonious development of the intellect, mind, and will, in accordance with the principles of art, morality, and religion.

3. That the same elementary teaching be given as in elementary schools, such teaching to serve as a basis for further training in general knowledge; and in two foreign languages.

4. That the schools admit pupils from the ages of six to sixteen; the school course to be divided into three sections and to cover ten years.

5. That the staff of teachers consist of a director and masters with university degrees; also experienced elementary masters and certificated mistresses.

6. That the State, in acknowledgment of the fact that the higher girls' school shall be a public institution under the immediate control of the municipal author-

ities, should endeavor to promote its establishment whenever needed, and admit it to the same State jurisdiction as the *Realschule* and the *Gymnasium*, and that the masters and mistresses should enjoy the same privileges as the teachers in those schools.

We see, then, that the scheme of the higher girls' schools in Germany does not rise above the notion that there is in the feminine mind and the feminine vocation some peculiar reason for ending the years of education at sixteen, and excluding classics, mathematics, and science generally from its programme. We see, also, that it is thought desirable to place this peculiarly feminine work almost wholly in the hands of men, for the certificated mistresses rarely hold positions beyond the fourth class. The fairness of this was discussed at the Woman's Union Conference at Eisenach the same year, but without arriving at a satisfactory conclusion. If girls' education is to be so limited, however, it is not surprising that there should be hesitation to place much control over it in the women who are themselves products of this limited education.

These schools certainly do not seem to us to supply the equivalent of the *Gymnasium* and the *Realschule*, and so think some Germans also. Hence, within the last seven years, attempts have been made in Berlin, Darmstadt, Bremen, and other cities, to give opportunities for further culture to girls above sixteen, by means of courses of lectures somewhat similar to those in England. And at the Women's Union Conference also, in the year 1872, a paper was read by Dr. Wendt on a proposal for the institution of a parthegogium, or real gymnasium, for girls, in which they should receive the same intellectual training as is given to boys. The conference expressed interest in the scheme, and no doubt the idea will work and bear fruit in time; but opinion in Germany is hardly ready yet for the actual levelling of the time-honored barriers that separate mind male from mind female. Dr. Wiese, in his "German Letters on English Education," devotes a few pages, not very much to the purpose, to this novel American gospel of education for women, concluding by the statement that the thing is wholly un-German, and therefore, we suppose he means, to be disliked.

But notwithstanding all this, there have been women in Germany who contrived to "step out of their sphere," and receive, instead of condemnation, university degrees. Early in the century there was a

Frau von Siebold who distinguished herself so much in the practice of midwifery, that the University of Giessen bestowed on her the degree of M.D. Frau von Siebold had a daughter, Marianne, afterwards Frau von Heidenseich, who studied at the universities of Giessen and Göttingen, and took her degree regularly in 1817. She died only in 1859, and was much esteemed as one of the first authorities in her special branch of science.

We suppose that these ladies, like their French contemporaries, were regarded and admired as quite exceptional, for we find no chain of successors such as would rapidly spring up to-day. The next instance known to us of a degree being granted to a woman in Germany is that of a young Russian lady who had for a long time been attending lectures in law at Leipzig, and graduated there in the early part of 1874. She was not long alone in her studies, however, for at the time of her graduation there were several other women attending lectures in medicine, natural science, and jurisprudence. We believe, however, they were not German women. Later in the same year one of these, a young Jewish lady, received the degree of doctor of philosophy; and Göttingen University also conferred a degree of doctor of philosophy and magister of liberal arts on another young lady, Miss Kowalewsky. Leipzig is the largest university in Germany, and contains about three hundred students. Women are fortunate in having the right of admission within its walls, and the privilege of graduation from it. We hope they will soon be able to bridge over the gulf of secondary education which at present yawns between them and it; but in Germany, where the habit of depending on the State in such matters has been formed, and the wealth of individuals is comparatively inconsiderable, this is not so easy unless the State steps in; and to convert the State is a difficult undertaking.

In Italy we find a low though improving state of secondary education, and universities that in truth were never closed to women. We cannot wonder at the first of these facts, seeing that Italy is still so fresh from the days of her regeneration, while we must greatly admire the disposition at all times implied in the second.

And Italy has not tarried long in regenerating the education, and consequently the general position, of her women. Previously to the year 1861 there was no State-recognized secondary education for girls at all, except that given in the nor-

mal training-schools for teachers. The sexes were on a perfectly equal footing as regarded these and the elementary schools; and girls, not intending to be teachers, frequently entered the normal schools only because there was no other way of continuing their education. This was not a very convenient way, because, while the elementary course was complete at twelve years of age, the normal school did not begin till fifteen. For those who chose them, there were, of course, the convent schools, which even now outnumber all the others; but these are a negative quantity as regards true enlightenment, though happily obliged, since 1866, under penalty of dissolution, to employ only teachers having the government diploma—a great improvement on things in France. There were also some institutions inherited from ex-governments not differing much in spirit from the convent schools, and six government colleges, one at Milan, Florence, Palermo, and Verona respectively, and two at Naples, with a course now somewhat similar to that of the new schools. These were and are boarding-schools.

Thus, while it was possible for the poorest boy, from twelve to eighteen years old, to make his way from the elementary school to the university through the gymnasium, and for young men from eighteen to twenty-one to pass through the lyceum, for the girls there were only the elementary schools, and, perhaps, the convents. Frankly recognizing as wrong this inequality, the municipality of Milan in 1861 determined to establish a higher school for girls. The report of its scholastic council states the resolution thus:—

In your work . . . there has been till now a serious deficiency which must be supplied. While, in fact, the instruction for males has a graduated course, that for females is cut short at the elementary course. The law has entirely forgotten that branch of secondary schools, as if women were entitled only to a superficial and most elementary instruction, and as if it were not rather of great moment to educate the intellect of those who are to be the earliest teachers of men. It is, therefore, the duty of the municipality to give to women also that amount of average instruction which none but those occupied in the humblest manual labor should be without.

The municipality accepted this view of its duty; the project was realized, and no expense was spared to render the new school efficient. In 1864 Turin followed the good example, and then the government, appreciating the importance of the

movement, promised large subsidies to all cities that should do likewise. So now in Asti, Genoa, Venice, Padua, Bologna, Florence, and last of all in Rome also, schools of the same kind have been organized. The Roman school was opened only in January 1874. They are all public day-schools, somewhat similar in scope and organization to the endowed girls' schools and the new high schools of the Girls' Public Day Schools Company in England.

The curriculum is divided into a lower and higher course. The lower, besides the ordinary branches of school instruction, includes the outlines of natural science, domestic economy, and hygiene, geometry, and drawing. The higher course . . . adds the elements of moral philosophy and social economy, the history of Italian literature, foreign literatures, political geography, the history of the Middle Ages and modern times, the elements of physical geography, natural history, physics, and chemistry. Optional subjects, without extra fee, are French, English, and German, gymnastics, choral singing, and needlework; with extra fee, landscape and figure drawing, and instrumental music.

Considering the state of things which it followed, this curriculum promises well for the full intellectual recognition of Italian women, when time enough shall have been given for the new ideas to grow and give birth to higher ones. The chief fault that may be found with these municipal schools is the limitation of the learning age to sixteen, but the stimulus given to the education of girls by the opening of the universities to women will probably lead to some arrangement by which the time and the studies may be extended, at least for some of the pupils.

This limitation of age reminds us of Germany, but in the matter of State recognition the Italian municipal schools are very much better off than the German higher girls' schools. The whole course of instruction is drawn up by the scholastic council of the municipality or of the State, according to circumstances; and the schools are placed under the same official inspection, and their yearly examinations are conducted by the same public authorities as those of the gymnasiums and lyceums. Indeed, the interest shown throughout by successive ministers of public instruction in improving the education of girls has been most encouraging, and has considerably smoothed the path to knowledge of women in regenerated Italy.

As regards the higher education, a society for its promotion was formed at Rome

in connection with the high school there on its establishment, and courses of lectures were accordingly given to ladies by the professors of the university. Some classes with a similar object were, about the same time, formed at Genoa. But these attempts were not long left, any more than the attempt to obtain secondary education was left, without aid and recognition from above. In 1876 a State decree formally opened to women the fifteen universities of Italy. Actually they were not closed before to those earnestly desirous of using them, and many exceptional women had used them in the past; but neither were they actually open in the sense of women having an equal right in them with men. In the year that the universities were opened a lady received a medical degree at Pisa, and two others are thought likely to distinguish themselves in the Faculty of Arts, one at Bologna and one at Turin.

The higher education of women is now as completely provided for as the higher education of men; but the secondary education of the fairer sex still needs improvement in order to render it equal to the secondary education of boys. This distinct uplifting of a university goal must, however, accelerate immensely the efforts to improve this education. Last year a movement was set on foot in Florence to provide for girls the same means of pursuing the studies preparatory to admission into the university which the State supplies by gymnasiums and lyceums for boys. We quote from the circular issued by the promoters of this excellent design:

All those who have favored and promoted a higher education and instruction for women must rejoice that, whenever a larger field of education and instruction has been opened to them, Italian women of all classes have eagerly and confidently pressed into it. And the facts have corresponded to the hopes entertained, for each year a goodly number of excellently instructed pupils have issued from all the schools opened up to this time for the instruction of women. These admirable results convinced many of the possibility and expediency of imparting to women a larger and more solid culture than they had hitherto received; and, inspired by this conception, the Bonglic Regulations admitted them to the universities of the State, to pass through the course of studies required for the laureate,* and for matriculation in any of the faculties there taught. But, to arrive at the university, it is necessary to pass through the gymnasium and the lyceum; and, as yet, no gymnasiums or lyceums exist

for women in Italy. . . . In order, therefore, that the Regulations should not remain a dead letter for most girls, a gymnasium first and then a lyceum should be opened for them, where they could go through the studies necessary for admission to the university.

Accordingly, the circular announced the opening of a gymnasium in Florence the following November, provided that twenty-five pupils were secured; and further, that on the application of ten families a lyceum should be opened in addition to the gymnasium. It was proposed that the necessary funds should be raised by shares.

But the history of the education of girls in Italy has not hitherto, as we have seen, been that of a painful struggle, against adverse circumstances, into existence; and now a law to establish gymnasiums for girls is under discussion, and will, no doubt, soon be passed. When this law is passed, the schools will be gradually established all over the country, and Italy may probably be the first of all civilized nations to obtain a completely organized system of education, from the elementary school to the university, perfectly fair to all classes and to both sexes alike. This would well befit the land on which the first rays of the Renaissance fell.

Mention has already been made of the consideration at all times shown to women by the Italian universities. No other country can boast so many early manifestations of liberality or gallantry, whichever it was; and pre-eminent among Italian universities stands Bologna. So long ago as 1209, the degree of doctor of laws was conferred on a lady whose name was Betisia Gozzadini; and other instances not quite so early occurred at Padua, Milan, Pavia, and elsewhere; * while at Bologna, in 1380, there was Maddalena Buonsignori, professor of laws. The last century is rich in distinguished Italian women at the universities. At Bologna, in 1733, Laura Bassi was professor of philosophy, Maria Gaetana Agnesi, professor of mathematics in 1750; and Clothilde Tambroni, professor of Greek in 1794. Then, about the middle of the century, there was an Anna Marandi Mazzolini, whose husband held the chair of anatomy. It happened that he fell ill, and she, being a loving wife, sought to supply him the place of his enfeebled powers. So she became an anatomist, and presently delivered his lectures for him from behind a curtain. She be-

* Doctorate.

* Medicine as a Profession for Women, by Sophia Jex Blake.

came famous, and was offered a chair at Milan, which, however, she refused, and remained at Bologna till her death in 1774. Her anatomical models in wax are the pride of the Anatomical Museum at Bologna. During the next half-century several other women followed in her footsteps, of whom the most distinguished was Maria delle Donne, who received her degree at Bologna in 1806, and was afterwards appointed by Napoleon Bonaparte to the chair of midwifery in that university.

This will suffice to show what kind of spirit the advocates of the intellectual rights of women had to encounter in Italian universities, and agrees well with the readiness evinced by the State and the secular authorities in general to aid the new movement when it reached the Italian shores. Another story might be told of priestly opposition and adverse influence, but that was to have been expected.

In Austria, there exists at present a considerable movement for improving the education of girls, and in 1873 a powerful society was constituted, originating, we believe, in Gratz, with a view to found schools, and spread the principles which it adopted by organizing branch societies throughout the country. It was announced that the first object of the society was to save women from the pernicious influence of the prejudices and superstitions generally propounded under the guise of education; and the programme of studies in the new schools was to include the German language, history, modern literature, and the natural sciences. As a scheme of superior instruction, this does not so very much impress us, and we fear the previous state of things which it reveals was indeed sad; but the upward tendency at all is a great thing, and in its time is sure to have its full effect. A new lyceum was shortly afterwards opened at Gratz. Before this time, however, the University of Vienna had stamped the new movement with approval by admitting women to degrees and as students in its classes where the professors do not object. This was in March 1870. In 1873, there were four ladies as medical students, one of whom took the prize for an essay on "Operative Course in Surgery," and was pronounced by the professor to be one of the best operators in the class.

In Austria, therefore, as almost everywhere else, the professional difficulties of women are fairly solved, and the higher education is placed within their reach. It

remains to make them generally capable of reaching it, by completing the reconstruction, already begun, of their secondary education.

In Holland, a State decree opened the examination of apothecaries to women in 1870. The universities have followed in due course; and in 1873 the first lady medical student in the Netherlands, Mlle. Jacobs, passed her examinations in physics and mathematics at the University of Gröningen. The cordon of university education has therefore been broken through in Holland also. Our nearest, and, as we are apt to suppose, slower-thinking blood-relations have actually surpassed us in celerity. With regard to the secondary education, it seems that in 1874 the Netherlands possessed forty-seven higher burgher schools for boys, receiving an imperial grant of over £15,000, whereas only seven of the larger cities had a higher burgher school for girls, these seven admitting them from the twelfth to the fifteenth year. Lately, however, a ministerial order has, we are told, been issued opening every gymnasium as well as every university to women, which bridges the gulf of secondary education in a very simple way.

In 1875 the University of Copenhagen opened to women all its classes and degrees except those of theology. It was expressly provided, indeed, that they should not be allowed to participate in the benefices and stipends set apart for the male students—a reservation which has an odd look of unfairness about it. Still, the admission is the chief thing, at any rate in the beginning. As regards secondary education, this also is going forward. An "association of women" at Copenhagen had been at work in promoting it for some years previous to this action of the university.

Sweden, like Italy, has for the last fifteen or sixteen years been industriously promoting the secondary education of its daughters, and during the last seven years, the privileges of the universities have been open to them. At Stockholm, a State seminary for the higher training of women teachers was founded in 1861, and a State normal school preparatory to the seminary in 1864. Courses of classes for girls giving a more advanced education than that of the ordinary schools, which in Sweden are exceptionally good, were instituted the following year; and there are now higher girls' schools similar to the normal school for girls in every large town, with the exception of those in the extreme

north, while Stockholm can boast of five and Upsala of three. These are all, however, private schools, and it has depended on individual effort to make them what they propose to be—a true preparation for university tests and studies.

In August, 1870, a State decree granted to women the right to matriculation and other examinations at the universities. The great Swedish University of Upsala throws open its doors freely, irrespective of class or sex, giving instruction gratuitously to all sorts and conditions of men and women who choose to come and take the gift. With the exception of divinity and law, women are admitted to all the examinations; and as regards the rules and customs of the university, women are exactly on the same footing as men.* Between the year 1871-73, four women passed the matriculation examination, and took their places as students in the university—two in the medical and two in the philosophical department. Even then there were two women who had passed the dentists' examination at Stockholm and were practising successfully, and three who had passed the surgeons' examination.

Before this university movement had opened up the medical profession to women, public opinion had been educated to the idea by the fact that the position and education of midwives was already better in Sweden than almost anywhere else. In 1697, a Dutch physician, Hoorn, who lived in Stockholm, proposed that some knowledge of their profession should be imparted to these women before they entered on it, and accordingly set about delivering lectures to them. After this the profession was from year to year made the subject of regulations. In 1771, the first lying-in hospital was erected, which henceforth afforded means of training to the midwives; and when in 1822 Professor Cederschöld was placed at its head, he re-organized everything, and put the lessons for female students on the same level as those for the male. All that he could do to elevate the position of the former he did, and by his representation he ultimately obtained for them the legal right of using obstetrical instruments, another month's study being required to gain the right. The possession of this qualification raises the midwife considerably, and those who have it are more regarded and better paid. Much trust is placed in them, and the physician is called upon only in

exceptional cases. There were in 1873 one hundred and forty of these women practising in Stockholm, and in all probability the number has since increased. It is evident that the existence of so large a body of efficiently instructed and thoroughly trusted women leads naturally to the idea of the lady physician, who differs from them only by her wider professional knowledge and higher general culture.

It is not unworthy of mention that in Finland also the cry of women or of men for the higher education of women has gone up and been answered. An academy for this higher education was opened at Helsingfors three years ago, starting with ninety-one ladies as pupils. The curriculum includes, among other subjects, physiology, natural science, and mathematics.

On all sides the desire for a new state of things has issued in fruition, and the days of subjected intellects and stifled or wasted activities are numbered throughout the civilized world.

England, as we know, has not been idle all this while, but her slower methods have enabled her own colonies to outstrip her in liberality. It was not enough that she should be last of all civilized nations to give even to the most exceptional women such a simple recognition of their merit as a university degree; but England proper has tarried behind her dependencies. In the year 1875 there were in Canada, as in England, several lady physicians practising; but during that year a Canadian medical license was for the first time granted to a woman by the College of Physicians and Surgeons in Ontario.

Canada borders on the United States; but India is only subject in this matter to the ordinary influences of common sense, justice, and practical expediency. The great desirability of women physicians has been evident in India for some time past, and in 1875 the Madras Medical College was opened to women, a limited course of study being allowed, with a certificate of the degree of proficiency obtained, to those who did not desire to take the whole course and study for a degree. The ladies attend the courses of lectures with students of the opposite sex, except for some few lectures which it is thought more desirable to be delivered separately. This is a practical way of solving that mountain-of-a-molehill difficulty, medical co-education. It is so easy to make satisfactory practical arrangements when once the importance of giving women medical education at all is perceived.

* See an article in *Macmillan's Magazine*, October 1877, by Professor Thorden.

Australia had taken up the education question with some vigor meanwhile, and in 1872 girls were admitted to the matriculation examinations at Melbourne University. Two young ladies presented themselves that year and passed. The numbers rose soon, and in December 1873 the successful girl candidates were nineteen in number, while at the previous examination the only two of all the candidates who passed in the first class were girls. Matriculation was not, however, allowed, though the senate had more than once urged upon the council the desirability of not keeping up the anomalous custom which prevails in England of granting a test without granting the usually accompanying privilege.

But to New Zealand University the real honor belongs of having been the first throughout the British Empire to admit a woman to its degrees. On July 31, 1877, the degree of bachelor of arts was conferred on Miss Edgar, a student of the Auckland college and grammar school.

In England the rapid forward movement of the education of girls cannot be dated much before the extension of the Cambridge local examinations to them. After a trial of this extension in 1863, it came formally into effect two years later. The College of Preceptors had, however, in the earlier days of 1860, admitted candidates from girls' schools to its examinations, and improvement up to a certain point must have been going on for some time previously to make the demand for these privileges as eager as it was. But without some such external aid, in presence of the general confusion of ideas on the subject, and the non-existence of any true models in the boys' schools, for the improvement of which these examinations had been organized, the tendency to improve could not have been so widely carried into effect. The peculiarity of English education is its entire irresponsibility: however ignorant the schoolmaster and the public may be, the State does not protect the latter from the former. Now this protective function, which the State fulfils in other countries, the universities have been trying to fulfil for us by local examinations; and whether constant external examining is in itself good or bad, it is quite certain to be better than absolute anarchy.

To the girls' schools the introduction of this regulative principle was the greater benefit, seeing that schoolmistresses had no university or equivalent traditions of their own to guide them, and seeing that the education of girls was so much lower,

both actually and ideally, than that of boys. It was something that schoolmistresses who had perhaps scarcely heard of such a thing as mathematics should become acquainted, through university regulations, with that science or group of sciences as something to be taught. Slowly but surely new notions of a curriculum and a higher standard within it have filtered into the many obscure nooks and crannies of the female educational world. Year by year the number of girl candidates has swollen, and the quality of their work has improved.

Cambridge having led the way in giving this important helping hand both to those who wanted help and those who wanted light, Oxford followed in 1869, four years later, during which year also the London University and the Cambridge higher local examinations for women were instituted. Oxford has now its higher local scheme also, and a joint-board examination of the two elder universities has been organized within the last few years and extended to girls. Edinburgh was as early as 1865 in instituting its local examinations, and the two Irish universities looked on for five years, and began respectively their examinations for girls and women in 1870. And last year St. Andrew's University announced itself ready to grant a higher certificate to women, the standard of attainment being the same as that required for the M.A. degree. It has since been decided that the successful candidates are to be allowed to adorn themselves with the title of literate of arts (L.A.). How dearly does the British mind love to keep up distinctions of sex in matters to which sex is quite irrelevant! So far as we know, degree certificates and equivalent titles are wholly indigenous to British soil.

So much for the action of the universities in promoting ideas of improved secondary education. On the other hand, we have the solid work done in establishing good girls' schools and other means of education. The Women's Education Union, which was founded in 1872, publishes a list of "colleges, schools, lectures, and other means of education for women and girls in the United Kingdom." From this we cite a few facts.

There are now eighteen endowed schools for girls, six of which are in London. The scheme for the first of these, the North London Collegiate and Camden Schools, founded as a private school in 1850, and now numbering between the two schools about one thousand pupils, became law in 1875. Latin is taught in

nine of these endowed schools, mathematics in ten, natural science in fifteen, political economy in five, domestic economy in fourteen, physiology in ten, Greek in one, moral philosophy in one, the usual girls' subjects holding, of course, their accustomed place.

Next we find twelve schools of the Girls' Public Day-Schools Company, the first of which was opened at Chelsea in January, 1873. The curriculum includes in the schools generally Latin, physical science, and mathematics.

Besides these, there are 26 other high schools, in 20 of which Latin and mathematics are taught, natural science in 18, political economy in 7, physiology in 4, logic in 2, and Greek in 4.

This makes a total of 56, to which we have to add the numerous private schools, many of which have adopted the new kind of curriculum, and send in their pupils for testing at the local examinations.

Then for colleges we have Girton College and Newnham Hall with their Cambridge courses; also a college at Bristol, three in London, and two in Dublin. These have the usual curriculum, including classics, natural science, and mathematics, taught up to the level of the student's previous attainments. Among them, Queen's College and Bedford College in London deserve special honor as products, and successful products, of the earliest efforts to procure for girls a higher education. Besides these, the public lectures of twenty-six professors of the University of Cambridge, and, in University College, London, the classes of jurisprudence, Roman law, political economy, geology, logic, and mental science, higher senior mathematics, and mathematical physics, are open to women. This last-mentioned class at present consists of five professors, five young men, and five young women; and at the end of the last session, 1876-77, the only young lady which the senior mathematical class could boast carried off the prize far above the heads of her male competitors; nor was this the first instance by several in which lady students had been guilty of similar unkindnesses. In addition to these mixed classes, which solve the higher education difficulty in the readiest and most economical way, we have the lectures of the Ladies' Educational Association in connection with University College and delivered by its professors, the lectures and classes of the Society for the Extension of University Teaching in London, the lectures of the Cambridge

Association for Promoting the Higher Education of Women, the lectures of the Edinburgh Ladies' Educational Association, and lectures in connection with Alexandra College by professors of Trinity College, Dublin.

For those who cannot avail themselves of any of these means of instruction, and yet desire to get rid of the inheritance of ignorance left them by their early education, a system of instruction by correspondence has been organized at Cambridge, and more lately at Edinburgh, by means of which help and guidance are extended far and wide to earnest women struggling into light. A story is told of a lady in some remote corner of Scotland, who, bitterly oppressed with the sense of her own deficiency in arithmetical knowledge, went to a schoolmaster in the neighborhood and prevailed on him to let her stand, slate in hand, in the class with his boys till the mysteries of vulgar fractions became plain. To such women the correspondence system is an inestimable boon; and it speaks well for the thoroughness of this education reform that some such means should have been devised for aiding the victims of past mistake, though we shall certainly be glad when it is no longer possible for women in remote corners of Scotland or anywhere else to find themselves so sadly in need of aid from afar. That section of the community which desires a new state of things is indeed leaving no stone unturned to bring it about, and the stir of thought in the vast mass of thoughtlessness on this subject is felt everywhere. "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump."

The improved secondary education of girls is certainly growing steadily in England, and converting public opinion to approve of it in its growth; but much still remains to be done in widening the area of its action. The higher education is comparatively better off, by which we mean that it is about as well provided for as the state of public opinion requires. The supply is equal to the demand, and the demand has to be increased by education on the secondary plane, and by the direct encouragement of the established universities. In October 1868 the college for women was opened at Hitchin, which has since been removed to Girton, three miles from Cambridge. Meanwhile, in 1870, Newnham Hall was opened in Cambridge. Both these colleges are taught by professors from Cambridge University, and both are full. But what distinguishes

these two from all other ladies' colleges is the fact that the papers set for the previous and degree examinations at Cambridge are sent down to Girton and Newnham half an hour after they are given out in the senate-house, and the merits of the girls' answers are pronounced upon by some of the examiners, after which degree certificates are given to the successful candidates, stating in each case which class the owner would be in if she did not happen to be a woman.

There is no use in quarrelling with one's bread and butter, and Girton students are duly grateful for their degree certificates. Still, looking at the concession from a little distance, the effect is slightly ludicrous. Is it that the idea of a mere certificate has in it something of an antidote to the unsexing influence of university distinction? or has it some kind of charm to prevent the overtaxing of feminine minds with masculine study? Is it necessary to devise some such expedient for keeping women in their proper place, seeing that they *will* be educated? or would it be too much for the feelings of the poor young men to place them absolutely in competition with the fairer, and, we are told, sometimes more industrious sex? But, in truth, we suppose the real cause of these curious devices may be found in the extraordinary difficulty which the English mind has in conceiving anything quite different from that to which it has always been accustomed. The English political system has grown up by a slow process of patchwork, and perhaps Teutonic islanders cannot at present, by their mental constitution, grant educational privileges to women except after a similar fashion. But we hope the patchwork is in this instance nearly complete, and that, after a very little more of the present tentative course, Girton and Newnham will be regularly affiliated to the University of Cambridge. When that is done, the demand for higher education will rise rapidly.

A proposal for an Oxford Girton has been lately talked about, and, as extending the new ideas to a slightly different section of the community, we hope it will soon be carried out, and have as much success as the sister project at Cambridge. By the affiliation of such a college, in due time Oxford too, most conservative of universities, may be induced to extend its full privileges to women.

In Ireland the movement for improving the education of girls was early taken up, but the comparative poverty of Ireland

makes the lack of endowments a very serious difficulty. In the year 1861 the Queen's Institute in Dublin was founded. This valuable society combines, with the Institute for Technical Instruction, a college for the education of women, which supplies the examinations of Dublin and the Queen's Universities with many of their best candidates. Alexandra College, modelled after Queen's College, London, was established in 1866, and has now a school in connection with it. Its classes are taught by professors from the university, within the walls of which the will to aid the higher education of women is not wanting. Last year a number of the Trinity College students called together a meeting, which was presided over by the provost, "for the purpose of expressing sympathy with Alexandra College as an institution which is proving effective in promoting the higher education of women." The spirit which this little fact reveals is so pleasant, that we have thought it worth while to state it here. We hardly think that the large number of gallant young Irishmen who attended this meeting would so particularly object to the society of young ladies in their lecture and examination halls, or even at the private lessons of an "honor grinder." Alexandra College is not the equivalent of Girton. Ireland is poor, and has much to do for the secondary education of her girls; she must provide for their higher education in the most economical way. And the most economical way is the American way, and the way of all the civilized world except in these our islands, of granting the privileges of the existing universities to daughters as well as sons. Questions of residence would be so easily arranged that they are scarcely worthy of mention. We have faith in Celtic elasticity of thought and practical capacity for leaping over obstacles, and hope that the university which first acknowledged the principle of justice between creed and creed will not delay long in administering justice between sex and sex.

But naturally the younger Irish university will be the first to do this. The Queen's University has, as a university, declared its willingness to grant medical degrees to women; but the colleges have not consented to give the appropriate education, without which the university cannot move. This is a pity, but it is hardly likely that the colleges, under such circumstances, will long harden their hearts; and certainly if they consent to give med-

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ical instruction, they can have no difficulty about giving any other, which indeed they might perhaps consent to give first.

But with respect to secondary education, the want of funds stops the improvement sadly. In 1873 a memorial was presented to the government then in office from the Queen's Institute, Dublin, the Belfast Ladies Institute, and the National Union for Improving the Education of Women of all Classes, asking for a royal commission to inquire into the state of education in Ireland, including that of girls, and for the admission of girls to a fair share in the surplus revenues of the disestablished Church. This is a fair request; wherever there is money to be disposed of for educational purposes, it is only just that girls should have the benefit of some of it. And the simplest and most economical way of aiding the secondary education of both sexes is to establish mixed schools for both. Why should not some of the surplus revenues be so expended? Perhaps British mixed education on a large scale may first appear in the west. British medical diplomas have, at any rate. The College of Physicians in Dublin has gained that honor for the western island, and during the past year the ladies who obtained their education in Edinburgh have, after many trials, received their diplomas in Dublin.

The story of the ladies' attempt to gain entrance in Edinburgh, and its ultimate failure, is too well known to need more than mention here. The universities of St. Andrew's and Glasgow, one of which has just instituted, and the other is considering, a system of higher examinations for women, may now be before their sister of the metropolis in granting full educational privileges to women; but we hope that Edinburgh University will not be long in recovering the character for liberality and nationality which she has temporarily lost. The educational movement is earnest in Scotland, and as this brings Scotch women in numbers up to the level of requiring professional privileges, the leading Scotch university will no doubt turn from its suddenly perverted ways and repent. The economical advantages of mixed education in the universities is not likely to remain long unappreciated by Scotch common sense. As for the secondary education, the local examinations of the University of Edinburgh have done good work in improving it, but the want of endowments presses very hardly in Scotland as elsewhere.

Medical education for women has long been a difficulty in England — a difficulty of which, however, last year saw the solution. In 1864 the Female Medical Society was established; and in 1866 a hospital for women, with women as physicians, was opened. Between 1869 and 1874, the matter was pending in Edinburgh; but the closure of the doors of that university, which the rejection of Mr. Cowper Temple's bill in 1875 made definitely effective, caused all the chief energy of the effort to be transferred to London. In 1874, a medical school for women was organized, and an excellent staff of teachers secured. But the regulations of the examining bodies require that medical students should attend for at least two or three years at a hospital which in London must contain not less than one hundred beds. This condition is fulfilled by thirteen hospitals only, and at none of these could female students gain admission; so that, even if the examining bodies had recognized the school, it was unable to comply with their requirements. Laboring under this double difficulty, matters looked dark for the Female Medical School. But the Gordian knot is now cut. The Royal Free Hospital is open to women, the Irish College of Physicians has given its diplomas, and the University of London has promised its degrees. The difficulties of medical women, it seems, are finally overcome; and not only finally but peacefully, for with a separate school wholly their own, and a purely examining university to deal with, the danger of shocking the nerves of the stronger sex ought certainly to be reduced very nearly to the vanishing point.

The question still in the balance at London University is that which bears so closely on the advance of the higher education of women, namely, their admission to equal rights and privileges with men in the matter of degrees generally. On this, our rulers in Parliament will have to decide when the new charter is applied for, and in the acceptance of that charter, if granted, convocation will have power as well as voice. We do not indeed fear that convocation, when the sacredness of its favorite medical degrees is gone, will care to preserve intact the sacredness of the others. The graduates of medicine, at least, will hardly act so as to imply that, among the manifold degrees of the University of London, this one of medicine, and it only, is within the capacity of the weaker sex; and the arts and science graduates have not such weighty profes-

sional and other reasons as the medical graduates have for violent resistance to the invasion of their premises.

The programmes of the women's examinations being already assimilated to the regular university examinations, the only conceivable reason that can be assigned against the opening of these arts and science degrees is that they may and probably will act as a more powerful stimulus to mental exertion, and that in this, women being intellectually and physically less than men, lies a great evil.

We do not believe this assumption as a necessary fact; but that question need not be discussed here. What if the average woman is capable of less mental work than the average man? It still remains indisputable that many women are capable of much more than many men, and that the strong women run less risk of overtaxed brains than the weak men. There are women with nerves of iron, and men with nerves of flax: what sort of classification is that which shuts out the one from the higher goals of intellectual effort, and tempts the ambition of the other by them? Have there been cases of eager girls in England or America who marred their health by overwork? Have there never been cases of overworked young men? Have we never heard of the worn appearance of high wranglers and other prizemen,—of energies (male energies) slackened for life because of one great strain,—of Cambridge parlance about senior wranglers killing so many men who tried to keep up with them,—of brain fevers and deaths among too zealous male students,—of things that would give rise to fifty Dr. Clarkes if only they happened to girls? Are we to be told, because here and there a girl, who escapes control, has the folly and the wickedness (for it is a wickedness) to work herself into a weak state of health, that therefore the goals of a higher education must be withheld from all stronger, or cleverer, or more sensible young women also? Why do we not shut up our senate halls altogether, and forbid at once the competition of talent because it has had its sad number of young men victims? Let us be consistent, and visit the sins of the few upon the many all round or not at all.

It will be well, indeed, when one's duty to one's own physical organization is as well understood at Oxford and Cambridge as it is in the new English girls' schools. Meanwhile the universities of the British isles might consider the advisability of

passing a by-law requiring candidates for all degree examinations to undergo a medical examination as guarantee that they had not wickedly offended in the matter of overwork. But, till there is some State or university regulation to prevent the weaker of young men from working for university laurels because they may have the folly to overwork, such paternal arrangements for the weak and strong alike among women are surely very much out of place. Let those among them who can easily (an undoubted number) have their chance, and leave the common sense of English women and men to take care of the rest. Women know very well (better than men, perhaps, so much have they been scolded about it) that "there are twelve hours in the day in which men can work;" and the slower laborers must do their work, not by increasing the number of hours, but by increasing the number of days.

And the women, upon whom most depends, have shown themselves quite able as well as willing to deal satisfactorily with this question of temperance in work. In the principal girls' schools, every pupil has a home time-table on which the amount of time given to each lesson is prescribed, and the parents or guardians are responsible, as part of the school-agreement, to see that this time-table is not exceeded. In one school, the largest and most important, a further guarantee has been adopted: each girl brings in every morning on a printed form an account of her home-work, signed by herself, stating when she began her lessons, when finished them, and the total time occupied, the maximum allowed to the elder girls being three hours. Long hours and late hours are thus at once detected, and every one's attention, which is perhaps the most important point, is drawn to the truth that health is a sacred trust to be guarded by this one definite measure, among others, of temperance in the expenditure of nervous force. Trained in this way, and with some knowledge of physiological laws, the young women of the future will not be likely to forget duty to their bodies in fulfilling duty to their minds.

Surely, then, there is no true reason in this health argument to justify us in holding up a lower grade of education for women than for men, or in giving up to a certain point the same standard shorn of the honors naturally accompanying it, lest the attainability of the latter should goad weak brains to mad efforts. As for femi-

nine inferiority of intellect, whether necessary, contingent, or imaginary, it does not affect this matter in the least. If the *kind* of education for which London University degrees are organized be equally suitable to girls and to boys, and if humanity can or must (surely it must) be trusted to take care of its health as a private undertaking, then the smallness or the greatness of the number of women capable of distinguishing themselves has no importance as bearing practically on what ought to be done. Let young women be tested by the same ordeal as young men, and accept the natural position in the scale of excellence to which that ordeal assigns them. Whether it will be a high place or a low place cannot be absolutely known till the experiment has been fully tried. Only it is worth while to remember that, whenever and in so far as the experiment has been tried elsewhere, women have not found themselves in the lowest rank.

But *cui bono*? we have heard it said. London University does not give instruction which is the solid good; what benefit can it do women to have the degrees which bear no professional significance?

Have the degrees of London University no general educational bearing, then? Are they not, as they profess by implication to be, an important adjunct to the higher education of boys; and would they not be just such an equally important adjunct to the higher education of girls? In fact, the attainability of these university honors would create a new demand for higher education among women, the existence of which demand is indeed the only condition at present necessary for its being supplied. The means of supply, as we have seen, are at hand, capable of development up to any required point; but a certain sufficient demand is necessary to effect this development. Now a demand for higher education depends largely, first, on good secondary education, and secondly, in the undeveloped state of English thought as to the value of education *per se*, on the existence of some goal of endeavor of sufficient effectiveness on the imagination. The satisfaction of this second need is, from an educational point of view, the *raison d'être* of the University of London, and the boon which it can confer on girls educationally. And girls need it even more than boys; for if English thought is undeveloped on the subject of education generally, much more is it embryonic as concerns the education of women.

The public mind never needed the instruction as to the value of certain ends which an examining university can give more sorely than it needs instruction on this point, and the concession of the privileges in question would be this instruction. The admission of women to the degrees in London would affect people as a sort of national resolve that the kind and degree of education thereby encouraged was to be adopted as a national end; for the action of the universities in England is, as regards general education, almost parallel to the action of the State in Continental countries. Nor would the results of this admission be limited to accustoming the public mind to, and therefore creating a demand for, the higher education of women; a high external goal would be set up as a mark of effort for the whole feminine education of the country, the tone of which throughout must inevitably be affected by the attainability of these higher privileges.

Again, it often happens that girls who learn chemistry and conic sections at school are treated as small phoenixes by their friends, these not being accustomed to the association of such subjects with girls, and foolish vanity may sometimes result. Now the elevation of the ideal fixed on as the honorable termination of an educational career will certainly have a bracing moral effect where this state of things exists. Girls and their parents will realize mental insignificance in the light of this their final goal of effort more than they do at present in the light of lower goals, just as now they certainly have as individuals a much truer idea of their position in the scale of intellect than in former days, when every woman had actually the right to think herself the equal of every other and of every man, just because she never had any means of knowing better. Education produces humility, especially when its subject knows distinctly that there is a higher plane of education which it may attain if it has the ability. Competition produces humility, especially when the competition is not limited to a class or to a sex. How well it would be for the friends and relations of some women if these had found themselves among the failures in early womanhood!

But there is another kind of woman, clever, well-educated, and often naturally unassuming, to whom it is a severe injustice that she should be unable to obtain that full recognition of her talent which a university degree implies. Without it she

is placed at a disadvantage with many a mental inferior who flourishes an honored title after his name: she needs, indeed, to be possessed of a fair measure of self-confidence to keep uppermost even in her own mind and act upon their relative intellectual merits; whereas any such simple fact as having taken a scholarship which he failed to take would make matters rather easier. The absence in these cases of any common measure, however imperfect, is indeed no imaginary grievance, but a real practical inconvenience where competition for an appointment occurs, and a special trial to those more yielding spirits who cannot assert, and can scarcely believe, what they have not been allowed to prove. Who knows how much the world may have lost by the non-belief in themselves of such?

One word more and we have done. The question at issue stands quite apart from that of the goodness or badness of our whole examination-regulated educational system. It may be that we are ripening towards a thorough reconstruction of this system. It is said that, as the examination test, pure and simple, is bad, we had

better not extend it. But the examination test is one means towards an end, and at least better than none. Till some other means is found this means should be extended on all sides equally, so that the education it fosters may grow up equally for boys and for girls. Then, if reconstruction does come about, it will find, and therefore make, no difference between the sexes. Meanwhile, if we believe in our present system, we must admit both halves of the nation into it. If we regard it as experimental and temporary, we must apply our experiments consistently. And that we are in a fair way to do this there can happily now be little doubt. We look forward to the day when the University of London will fulfil its function of guide and judge impartially, when Oxford and Cambridge will have colleges for women affiliated to them, and when the universities of Scotland and Ireland will have taken the simpler and more economical way of merely abolishing nouns and pronouns of gender so far as education is concerned. The nouns and pronouns of gender have their origin far too deep down in human nature for us to fear any disastrous result.

OLD NAMES AND CUSTOMS. — As they went through London or elsewhere it was very instructive to ask always what was the meaning of the name of the place where they happened to be; he (Dean Stanley) always did. To take the place where they were at that moment — John Street, Adelphi, Strand. What did that mean? Some of them, of course, knew. Any one knowing Greek knew that Adelphi meant brothers; but why was it called "brothers"? It was because there were four brothers named Adam, who came from Kirkcaldy. These brothers were great architects, and they determined to rescue the part of London where they were at that moment from the mud of the Thames; they were, in fact, the founders of the Embankment. They were named Robert, William, James, and John, and those streets were called after them, and would continue a memorial of their energy and how they kept together by their strong brotherly affection. As they went along the Strand and looked at the names of the streets from side to side, it revealed to them at once the connection of all the great English families; the streets, as they now are, being called after the names of the

ancient nobility who lived there. The names of the streets recalled the history of England. There were two things which ought to be preserved as much as possible in London — the names of streets and, if possible, the few remains there were of ancient architecture. In the city there were, he knew, great difficulties as to the last; but, with regard to the old churches which were being pulled down, he would say, "at any rate save the towers." Another piece of advice which he would give them in the art of questioning was as to the days — to try and fix in their minds what had happened on a particular day. That day, for instance, was the 17th of November, and had they been passing by Westminster at twelve o'clock they might have been surprised to hear the bells of Westminster Abbey pealing. It was the only day on which the bells of the Abbey rang to record any past event, and they were merrily pealing that day, as it was the day of the accession of Queen Elizabeth. From that day the history of England turned over a new leaf; she began that course of continual, steady advance which has never since passed away.

Dean Stanley at the Society of Arts.

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